National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

VOL. XV. NO. 7. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1854. WHOLE NO. 735.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, on Saturday, by the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, at their office, No. 142 Nassau street, New York. Terms, *Two Dollars* per annum. Printed, for the American Anti-Slavery Society, by Norris & Johnston, printers, No. 21 Spruce street, New York.

Pro-Slavery.

MAZZINI—KOSSUTH—SANDERS.

London, No. 45, Weymouth-st., Portland-place, Friday, June 2, 1854.

Gentlemen: In the *Morning Advertiser* of yesterday I observe a letter, which is introduced as being a recent one from Mazzini, addressed to an Abolition Society at Manchester. The letter is, however, without date; and as Mazzini is not now in London to answer for himself, we are at a loss to guess at the time it was written. It speaks against Slavery in general, but not a word occurs in it of American affairs in any way; and it concludes by the emphatic and weighty declaration, that "Free men only can achieve the work of freedom"; and that "throughout all Europe" * * * "desecrated by arbitrary tyrannical powers"—"by Czars, Emperors, and Popes" * * * "are millions of White Slaves, suffering, struggling, expiring in Italy, in Poland, in Hungary," whose emancipation he earnestly entreats may not be forgotten in zeal for that of the black race. I regret, therefore, to see the letter so introduced, by the gentleman giving it publicity, as to lead to the impression that it was intended by Mazzini to bear upon the exciting slave controversy now convulsing the United States.

In Mazzini's absence, the great importance of an explanation going out to America by the mail which will carry his letter, and the knowledge I have of the perfect understanding which exists between yourselves and Mazzini, induce me to ask, in justice to myself and the question, that you will correct me if, in recent statements of mine to friends at home, I have, through any misapprehension, misstated the views of the Republican leaders in regard to European interference with American internal affairs.

From my repeated interviews with you all, during my stay in London, and our close and earnest discussion of all the leading points of your policy, I have felt authorized to say that it is your deliberate judgment that such interference was in opposition to the principle of State Rights, a cardinal principle of the Democratic statesmen of Italy, Hungary, France, Poland and Germany. A paper declaring this was, before being sent to America, expressly shown to Mazzini; and was then sent to the Louisville *Democrat* (Kentucky), and will be found in a March issue of that journal. It states, as the sentiment of the European Republican leaders in London, that they have faith in the honour and generosity and justice of the Southern States, that they will do of themselves what is right, in regard to the slaves, and the better for being left calm and free of irritation from any external influences.

The Republican Statesmen of Europe, deeply interested in the history of the struggles and glorious success of the great Republic of America, must know that the existence of Slavery in the United States is an inheritance from the British Government, and that it involves, at the present day, questions of much greater magnitude than the simple cash value of the slaves; and that social and political equality cannot be created by foreign intervention. But the whole history of the United States as a Government, and as a people, shows that they have practically done more than any other nation for the advancement of the African race.

And that, in taking the lead of every Government in the world, in the Abolition of the Slave Trade, which was continued many years after by the British Governments;

In the condition of the negroes in the Southern States, who are not, as in Italy, Hungary, France, and Poland, a refined and civilized people abased and crushed by the tyranny of their rulers, but a benighted race advancing, under the care of their American masters, from the barbarism which led them to sell each other into Slavery for a few trinkets, to a highly respectable grade of civilization and Christianity: the visible proof of which is shown in the prosperity and good government of the American Negro Republic of Liberia, whose respectable President is a manumitted American slave, from the Southern State of Virginia;

In the establishment of this Americo-African colony, by the purchase of several hundred miles of slave coast, and the appropriation, by State legislation and individual donation, of hundreds of thousands of dollars for the comfortable passage and prosperous establishment of the American blacks; the most generous, the most disinterested act of benevolence ever shown by one people great and powerful to another inferior and weak, through which gleams, for all known ages, the first light which has beamed upon Ethiopia, a benevolence in which the Southern State governments and Southern masters have been the leaders and munificent patrons;

In that the UnitedStates is the only country on earth where white men and women are really free, and where even the soldier and sailor in service is not under the degradation of the lash;

Lastly—in the heroic republican act of the chivalrous Ingraham, a citizen of a Southern State, who struck a blow for free citizenship, which resounded under every throne in Europe;

In all these instances, they must recognise a national character, to which can safely be trusted all questions of its own internal policy, with the certainty of a solution honourable to America, to Christianity, and to mankind.

They know that strife and ill-blood between the Northern and Southern people of the United States are music and luxury to the enemies of Democracy, now enthroned on the necks of the people of the European Continent; and must feel that, at this moment, critical of the fate of millions on millions of the finest races on earth, struggling for the sway of mind over force, of free thought over brute obedience, it is most urgently important that their only unshackled friends on earth—the people of the United States—should harmonize all differences, so that they may present to Europe an unbroken front, and give vigour to the movement, having for its aim—That the virtue and intellect of Europe shall guide its destinies!

Satisfied as I am that the Republicans of Europe—because of their appreciation of the Constitution of the United States, and of their joy in the onward and expansive career of our country and people—offer the only element of power that would be faithful to America, in the event of the United States becoming involved in a war with any European monarchy, I am anxious that no misrepresentations, designed or accidental, should place their chosen representatives in a false position before any portion of the American people.

With these views, I respectfully ask you to say whether or not I am justified in assuring friends in the United States that the Republican representatives of Europe do in no way desire to interfere with any domestic question in the United States, and especially with one wherein, besides the subject of Slavery, so many other considerations of a political character are involved.

Your faithful friend,

George N. Sanders.

To Louis Kossuth and others, Representatives of Jeffersonian Republicanism in Europe.

No. 21 Alpha Road, Regent's Park, London, June 3, 1854.

Dear Sir: Upon carefully reading your letter, I reply that, while deploring the existence of Slavery anywhere, all my influences are against foreign interference with the domestic affairs of another nation. Besides, though be it from natural necessity, be it from the impassivity of its leading statesmen, the United States do not appear conscious of their competent position; still I consider the strength and prosperity of the only republican power on earth so important to the future destinies of the world that I certainly would never contribute anything to its internal divisions. Nay, true to my principles, I cannot recognise any division in America; I look to the brotherhood of the great Republic as a whole, and have too high a respect for the American people, as one undivided body of sincere republicans, not to believe they will of themselves, with all the light before them, make their nation a model for every other.

You are quite right in your belief that Mazzini's letter has no reference to the present agitation in the United States; this is made certain by the fact of its being an old letter.

With high regard and sincere esteem, yours respectfully,

L. Kossuth.

George N. Sanders.

Selections.

The following most conclusive argument we take from the *Boston Atlas*. Rumour reports that it is from the pen of an eminent member of the Suffolk Bar, who once held a seat on the Supreme Bench of Massachusetts. Whether this be so or not, it is certain that it correctly represents the opinions of a vast majority of the lawyers in Massachusetts. Mr. Commissioner Loring may enjoy the comfort of knowing that, in the judgment of his legal brethren, his decision showed as much ignorance as inhumanity:

THE DECISION WHICH JUDGE LORING MIGHT HAVE GIVEN.

Friday, June 2, 1854.

Mr. Commissioner Loring came in at 9 o'clock, and, the parties being all present, pronounced the following

DECISION.

The question submitted to my decision is whether I shall award to the claimant, Charles F. Suttle, a certificate, authorizing him to take and carry to Virginia the respondent, Anthony Burns, whom he claims as owing him service and labour. The kind of service which he sets up is that of a slave.

The respondent's counsel have objected to the constitutionality of the Act of 1850, under which these proceedings are held, and to my right to act in the premises, on several grounds.

[The Commissioner then stated the points of objection, and overruled them successively, and declared his opinion to be that, upon the precedents, he was bound to hold the statute constitutional in all the points affecting this case. We omit his decision on these points, as being of less immediate interest.]

The facts to be proved by the claimant are three:

1. That Anthony Burns was his slave, by the law of Virginia.

2. That Anthony Burns escaped from Slavery in Virginia.

3. That the prisoner is the Anthony Burns in question.

To prove the first point, the claimant introduces one witness, Mr. William Brent, of Virginia. Mr. Brent's testimony shows that Burns has stood in the relation of a slave to Col. Suttle from his boyhood. It also shows that, at the time of the alleged escape, Col. Suttle had leased Burns to one Millspaugh, of Richmond, and that Burns was then, and had for some time been, in the custody and under the control of Millspaugh, and that he escaped, if at all, from the custody and service of Millspaugh. It is objected by the defendant's counsel that this evidence shows that Col. Suttle is not entitled to the certificate. This raises, certainly, a serious question. By the law of Virginia, slaves are chattels, and the lessee of the chattel, being in possession, has the sole and exclusive right, against the general owner himself, to the possession and control of the chattel during the lease. The constitutionality of this statute is sustained on the ground that the decision in these proceedings affects merely the possession and temporary control of the party claimed, and does not affect the general property or title. If it were otherwise, it would constitute a suit at law, and a trial by jury would be necessary. It would seem, therefore, quite clear that, upon the claimant's own theory, Mr. Millspaugh, and not he, is the person entitled to claim this certificate. If Mr. Millspaugh and Col. Suttle were to interplead before me, each claiming the certificate, I cannot doubt that I should be obliged to grant it to the former.

To prove the second point, viz., the escape, the claimant also offers the evidence of Mr. Brent. Mr. Brent says only that Burns was in Richmond up to the 24th day of March, and was then and ever since "missing." He does not say that he went away without the leave of Mr. Millspaugh, who alone had the right to control his movements, and how or why he was missing. To explain the act of Burns, they offer evidence of his conversation with Col. Suttle, on the night of his arrest. In this conversation he says that he did not escape; but that being on board a vessel at work, he was tired and fell asleep, and was brought off by accident. Now, this story may not be true, but it is put in by the claimant, and it is the very evidence tending to explain the act of Burns, and the claimant is bound by it. Therefore the claimant's evidence not only fails to show an escape, but shows affirmatively that there was no escape. To entitle the claimant to his certificate, there must be, both by the Constitution and by the statute, an *escape*. It is of no consequence how or why the slave comes into a free State—whether by accident, or mistake, or by a superior power; unless he escapes by his own voluntary act, against the will of his master, the *casus fœderis* does not arise. (Simms Case, 7 Cush., 298.)

On the oral evidence, then, the claimant must fail on the second requirement of the statute, even if the point as to the lease were not sustained.

But the claimant puts into the case a transcript of a record made out *ex parte*, in Virginia, in pursuance of the 10th section of the act of 1850. This act declares that this record "shall be held and taken to be full and conclusive evidence of the fact of escape, and that the service or labour of the person escaping is due to the party in such record mentioned." The record sets forth that Anthony Burns does owe service and labour to Col. Suttle, by a law of Virginia, and that he escaped from such service and labour in Virginia. If, then, this record is to be received, and to have its full statute effect, the title and escape are established, and the only question open to me is that of the identity. But I should be slow to believe that any statute of this land was intended to make an *ex parte* record conclusive against the proof actually made by the party who offers it, on a trial in presence of both parties.

Here is a trial, with witnesses on the stand, in presence of both parties, and the claimant's own proof shows him not entitled to prevail. Can it be that he may fall back upon proof offered at an *ex parte* hearing, previously, and elsewhere, and contradict and control his own proof here, and compel the Court to decide against the evidence? The defendant's counsel contend, that by offering proof of the title and escape, other than the record, the claimant proceeds under the 6th section, and not the 10th, and is not entitled to use the record, the two sections providing for separate and distinct proceedings; also that the conclusiveness of the record cannot apply to the claimant's own proof, but only prohibits the defendant from controverting the record by proof. They also object to the instrument on the ground that it is not a record, but only a recital that there is a record, which is not produced, and because it does not describe the party with "convenient certainty," as required by the statute, inasmuch as it does not say whether he is a white, a negro, an Indian or a mulatto, but only that he is "dark-complexioned." If, on any one of these grounds of objection, the record is not received, or not allowed to have conclusive effect, the claimant must fail, because no escape has been proved, to say nothing of the objection as to the lease.

Without deciding at present whether the record is to be received or not, I will pass to the question of identity.

The testimony of the claimant is from a single witness, and he standing in circumstances which would necessarily bias the fairest mind—but other imputation than this has not been offered against him, and, from anything that has appeared before me, cannot be. His means of knowledge are personal, direct, and qualify him to testify confidently, and he has done so.

The testimony on the part of the respondent is from many witnesses whose integrity is admitted, and to whom no imputation of bias can be attached by the evidence in the case, and whose means of knowledge are personal and direct, but in my opinion less full and complete than that of Mr. Brent.

Then between the testimony of the claimant and respondent, there is a conflict, complete and irreconcilable. The question of identity on such a conflict of testimony is not unprecedented nor uncommon in judicial proceedings, and the trial of Dr. Webster furnished a memorable instance of it.

The question now is, whether there is other evidence in this case which will determine this conflict. In every case of disputed identity, there is one person always whose knowledge is perfect and positive, and whose evidence is not within the reach of error, and that is the person whose identity is questioned, and such evidence is offered in this case. The evidence is of the conversation which took place between Burns and the claimant on the night of the arrest.

It may be conceded that this evidence, if received and allowed its full weight, would establish the identity of the prisoner with the Anthony Burns named in the record, beyond a reasonable doubt. The conversation took place very shortly after the arrest of Burns, at the time he first discovered that he was claimed as a slave, and while he was in custody. The only person examined as to his state of mind, a witness for the claimant, says that at first Burns appeared intimidated, but latterly had been entirely composed. Of course this state of intimidation applies to the time of the conversation, which was at the first moment he knew he was held as a slave; and I remember that the next morning I thought him in such a state as to require me to allow him an adjournment, in order to make up his mind what course he would pursue. It is said that the language of Col. Suttle to him, "I make you no promise and no threats—I make no compromise with you," may be considered as intimidating in its character, or, at least, as intimating to the prisoner that his treatment hereafter would be according to his conduct there; and I am requested to rule out this evidence, on the ground that the admissions of an alleged slave to his master, while in custody during a trial for his freedom, are not legal evidence for the claimant, and on the further ground that the admissions of an alleged slave to his master, while in custody during a trial for his freedom, are not legal evidence for the claimant, and on the further ground that, if not objectionable on general rules, there is evidence here of actual duress and influence. Another objection is that the conversation put in by the claimant is entire, and that if any part of it is received, the whole must be received. His conversation, taken at the worst for the defendant, asserts that he is the party named in the record, and was the slave of the claimant, but shows that he did not escape. It is an inflexible rule of law, provided in justice, that the whole of an admission must be taken together. If, therefore, I am to receive this conversation, while it would satisfy me of the identity, it would negative the escape. But the claimant says the record is conclusive on the point of escape. If so, I must reject a portion of this conversation, because it conflicts with the record; and if I reject a part on such grounds, by the claimant's act, must I not reject the whole? If so, the identity is not proved. The claimant's case is in this dilemma. If the record is received and is conclusive, it seems to me that I must reject the entire conversation, because I cannot take the part that convicts him, if I must reject the part that acquits him, and the claimant fails, because the identity is left in doubt. If the record is rejected, the entire conversation goes in, the identity is proved, but the escape is negatived. Therefore, whether the record is received or rejected, the claimant must fail.

Let me restate the conclusions to which I am led, on the several points. I think myself bound by the precedents to hold the statute constitutional, and to hold that I have jurisdiction in the premises. It is the inclination of my belief that this record, if otherwise sufficient, cannot be admissible as conclusive on the Court against the positive proof of the claimant himself, and that, without the aid of the conclusiveness of the record, the claimant has not proved an escape or a right of possession in himself. On the point of identity, even if the title and escape were proved, there is a reasonable doubt on the evidence of the witnesses, and the burden of proof is on the claimant to establish the identity beyond all reasonable doubt. If the admissions of Burns were received and allowed full weight, it would remove this reasonable doubt. To say nothing of the objections to the competency of these admissions on general principles, or under the circumstances of this case, I am not willing to receive that part of a conversation which convicts a man, if I am obliged, by the act of the other party, to reject that part which acquits him. If, therefore, the record is received, the entire conversation goes out, and the identity is not proved. If the record is rejected, the entire conversation goes in and the identity is proved, but the title and escape are not proved. On any of these grounds, I am prepared to place my decision. This result may be owing to the accidents and mistakes which sometimes attend legal testimony, and arise in the vicissitudes and complications of novel proceedings at law. But I am bound to know only the evidence legally before me. The certificate is refused, and the prisoner must be discharged.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SLAVERY:

How a Slave-trader acquired Peace of Mind.

THE MAN OF BUSINESS.

Major Dixon was a man of first-rate business habits and capacity. He controlled large sums of money, for he was secretly connected with many wealthy men, in operations that involved great outlays of capital; his field of operations was confined to dealing in slaves—in common parlance, he was a "negro-trader." Dixon had been, by long habit, made a very impersonation of his business. To people of his own colour he was often generous—never offensive; but for the negro he had apparently no sympathy, no feeling whatever.

Sometimes for months together Dixon would live seemingly a quiet and unexcited life, but it would appear, from subsequent acts, that these calms were only presages of a coming excitement; and as his business gave him every facility for gratifying his passions when he pleased to do so, he carried everything to excess.

The appearance of a negro always excited Dixon's animosity; let one of this race pass him accidentally in the street, or even in the humblest manner address him "as master," and his eyes would burn with indignation, and his hands clutch with nervous tremulousness.

He delighted in crushing those in his power, when they resisted, and yet he was equally savage upon those who were passive to his will. He was sometimes awed by a negro that would rather die than submit, but he was never touched by the most heart-rending appeals for mercy.

The reason perhaps of his dislike to the negro, independent of the feelings necessarily engendered by making them subjects of merchandise, was the consciousness he had that he was not respected even by those who were most benefitted by his business; and he had a kind of monomania, that his degradation in the social scale was owing not only to his buying and selling negroes, but also to the influence of public opinion exerted on the Southern mind by the people of the North, through the sympathy of the Federal government: consequently, he hated the people of the North, and the Union, with a bitterness that knew no bounds. "But for this public opinion of the 'Free States,'" he would sometimes groan through his clenched teeth, "my calling would be as respectable as any man's; I should not then be made a scapegoat for the sins of the buyer, or be compelled to see myself shunned and avoided by really good people, as if there were contagion in my touch."

Yet, although the thick veil of insensibility would sometimes be partially removed from Dixon's conscience, although he would for moments get inklings of the true character of his position as set down by the great mass of the people, these feelings only had the effect to render him more callous in the end, for they were ever succeeded by new outrages upon his hapless victims, and by an accumulation of renewed hate for the people he so much feared and despised.

He was intimately acquainted with every part of the country, his pursuits favouring a most perfect knowledge of the best lands, and the most wealthy neighbourhoods, for it was only in such places that he found his best business customers.

Near to Dixon's hotel was his "depot." Superficially, it was a very high spiked fence, with a strong door in the centre, and would never have attracted any particular notice of the stranger. But once beyond that strong door, you found yourself in a long room, perhaps a hundred feet in depth, lighted from the roof, and lined on either side by benches. Here Dixon displayed what the law pronounced to be his "chattels."

In this den he would pace up and down among his dependants, and fume and fret "that he could not expose his merchandise unblushingly in the streets," "that he could not hire a fine store in the most exposed thoroughfare, and thrust his goods into the windows or doors, as did the merchant who sold breastpins or calicoes."

Here it was that he gave vent to his wrath at the occasional agitation in the Corporation Council of New Orleans "as to the propriety of banishing 'slave-marts' to the obscure suburbs of the city." This restraint—this eternal spirit of opposition—he felt to be like an incubus upon him, and he rebelled at, and fretted under it, as if in harness, and he believed that he could never himself be free until "this false northern public sentiment," as he termed it, "was done away, until no one was permitted in the South to indulge in sickly sentimental notions of humanity."

THE PREACHER.

On the edge of Beechland, just at the cross roads, was an old and much decayed church. Years previous, it had been a pretty village sanctuary, and beneath its shadow reposed the remains of many of the earlier settlers of the country. But for a long time it had been neglected. The doors were battered in, the windows broken, the graveyard fence nearly destroyed—in short it was the resting-place of domestic animals, and never of any philanthropic use, unless for the temporary shelter it afforded, as a resting-place for the night, to passing emigrants.

One afternoon, to the astonishment of the villagers, some twenty of Mrs. Hartshorn's best field hands came into town in an ox wagon, and as they proceeded along through the street, made the air vocal with their rude songs, and finally, stopping in front of the deserted church, they went to work with hoe and shovel, and in the course of a few hours produced an improvement that was charming to behold.

The doors were partially restored to their places. The seats and floor of the interior of the building were carefully cleaned, and the labour thus bestowed, rendered the heretofore neglected building, considering the mildness of the weather, a comfortable place for the assembling together of the people.

The succeeding morning the *Southern Clarion*, the local paper of Beechland, in the most conspicuous place in its editorial columns, contained the following notice:

"We have the pleasure of announcing to our numerous readers, and all others in the vicinity of our thriving and prosperous town, that the Reverend W. Claremont Goshawk, D. D., the great orator and divine, who has so long been distinguished for his defence of Southern institutions, and his deep interest in the cause of Southern education, has consented, at the earnest request of some of our most influential citizens, to preach a series of two or more sermons. His first discourse will be on Sunday morning next, and he will probably continue with us throughout the entire week. It is presumed that he will be greeted with an overflowing audience. We hardly think that it is necessary to remind our readers, that Mr. Goshawk, on a recent visit to the North, was attacked by many of the fanatical clergymen in that part of the country on the subject of Christian slaveholders, and that his defence of our time-honoured institution was admitted to be the finest piece of eloquence, and most stirring appeal that has appeared for years; he entirely silenced the wolves in sheep's clothing, who, under the guise of the religious cloak, are carrying torches in their hands to fire the temple of our great republic. By the kindness of one of our most beautiful and accomplished ladies in the vicinity of Beechland, who has in this case acted in a manner so characteristic of the gentler sex, our little temple of worship, so long the cherished ornament of our town, and whose spire so plainly points the way to heaven, has been thoroughly scrubbed out and renovated, and will afford comfortable seats for our entire population."

THE FIRST DISCOURSE.

The Rev. Mr. Goshawk's appearance and manner were decidedly impressive, and he himself was not unconscious of the fact. After remaining a few moments in silent meditation, with his soft white hand pressed to his head, he beckoned to a negro boy, looking in at a side window, and when the fellow climbed up into the pulpit, he whispered something in his ear. A long and mysterious pause ensued, while the boy ran over to the Head-quarters, and borrowed a pitcher and tumbler, and returning, set them within reach of the Rev. Mr. Goshawk.

That gentleman arose, and opening a small gilt-edged book, read the beautiful hymn, beginning:

"Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
All mortal cares forsake the breast,"

and finishing it, desired some one present to be so kind as to "lead the singing," and resumed his seat.

* * * * * * *

The reverend gentleman selected for his text, "*Be ye holy, as your Father in heaven is holy!*" and he made it appear as if this injunction was one of the most literal in the sacred book, one of the most imperative, and necessary to be obeyed. He drew with tremendous fervour the character of the Great Jehovah, stated that none could look upon him and live, that he filled all space, was the creator of all things, and yet desired to reside in the heart of corrupt and fallen man—that man, inclined as he was to wickedness, "even as the sparks that fly upward," was, by a holy life and godly conversation, to render himself a fit temple, a proper temple, a worthy temple, for this holy, just, and omnipotent Being—and then, in a few condensed passages, he rapidly portrayed the punishment of those who refused to obey this dread command.

The congregation was swayed to and fro, as if rocked in a storm-driven ship; stern, unflinching men, that in the hour of danger knew no fear, blanched under the burning words, and ladies wept, and sighed, with hysterical emotion.

Suddenly Mr. Goshawk stopped, he appeared pained at the effect he had himself produced. Lowering his voice to a clear, heart-breaking tone, he said:

"Brethren, think not that the minister of the Gospel delights in harrowing your feelings. Should he consult himself, he would only salute your ears with the dulcet strains of mercy, but alas! wo betide the prophet who refuses to cry out against Nineveh!

"If, my friends, you hear at the solemn hour of midnight the heart-rending cry of fire—*fire*—FIRE, do you rush into the streets, and denounce the one who gave the alarm? no, you bless his name, and hastening on, you flee for your life from the devouring element.

"So stand I here, crying fire—fire—to your slumbering consciences. I would have you escape a consuming flame, that will not only destroy your bodies, but will torment your souls forever. Flee, I say—like Bunyan's Christian, put your fingers to your ears, and hasten while you yet may, out of the City of Destruction."

CONSCIENCE AT WORK.

Among Mr. Goshawk's hearers was Dixon. He had, some weeks before, come up to the vicinity of Beechland, on business, and having been taken sick, he had, while thus prostrated, almost literally passed through the valley and shadow of death. The balmy weather had tempted him into the street, and gratified by any novelty, he had strolled into church.

While suffering from disease, he had occasionally reflected upon his whole course of life, and had felt many pangs of remorse while thinking of the past; and it was, therefore, in a very proper disposition of mind, that he listened to this most powerful discourse.

When the congregation separated, the different members pursued their way homeward, and left Dixon by himself. Although known to almost every person in the house, no one recognised him, save by a glance. Amid all the shaking of hands and congratulations, there were no demonstrations of friendship, or interest, for him. In his usual humour, he would have vented his spleen in muttered oaths, and in a thousand recalled circumstances of fancied power and superiority, that he had, as an offset to any neglect he might receive; but now his spirit was broken. There was something in Mr. Goshawk's manner and voice that recalled recollections of childhood, when he used to go to church with his good old mother, and on coming home, hear her talk of the feelings that animated her spirit. A thousand words of good advice, a hundred prayers for her dear child, crowded upon his weakened brain, and he felt that he was not only despised by man, but also abandoned by his Maker.

To such an extent was his mind excited, that he hardly had strength to get to his lodgings, which were comfortable, although connected with the "Head-quarters." Once in his room, he threw himself on the bed, and seemed to be overcome by the communing of his thoughts; the acts of his life appeared in review before him, and he was shocked at the scenes of injustice, bloodshed, and violence through which he had passed, and which he had instigated.

Although Dixon was a native of Georgia, it had been impressed upon him while still a child, not only that it was an unpardonable thing to buy and sell his fellow-beings, but, also, that it was sinful even to hold slaves. Dixon's mother was a strict Methodist, and she had been inspired by this feeling in her youth, by the teachings of parents, who claimed, while sitting under the unction of John Wesley's preaching, and listening to his voice "'face to face,' that they had been converted from the error of their ways, and convinced of the sin of holding slaves." These were the impressions left by a mother upon the mind of Dixon, and as every reminiscence of his life, that was pleasant to dwell upon, was associated with that mother, so also were the impressions she left most vivid and most binding on his conscience. And these early instructions now came upon him with tenfold force, as the only legacy, and only remembered councils and obligations of one whom, clouded as was his conscience in other things, he still revered as a sainted being.

While in this mental agony, Dixon's friend, Puckett, who had so faithfully nursed him through his long sickness, came into his room, with a pack of cards and a couple of tumblers in one hand, and a bottle of whiskey in the other, and setting them down on the table near by, he turned to Dixon, and said:

"Come, old fel', I have brought you up some 'picters,' and also something to drink, for you see you can stand a little now, and I thought as how you'd like to have a game of 'old sledge,' just to pass away time."

"I'm too sick to play, Puckett, and too weak to drink! some other time!" said Dixon, the perspiration starting on his brow, both from excitement and weakness.

"Bah!" said Puckett, moving a small table into the middle of the floor; "you don't s'pose," he continued, "I've been a mother to you for these three weeks, not to know what you can stand. Drink a little, any how, is my motter; and drink a good deal if you can, is my other motter. Come now, fotch up your chair, and let's high, low, Jack, and the game," and Puckett gave the cards, or "picters," as he called them, a scientific shuffle.

"I can't play to-day," said Dixon, peevishly, and astonished, himself, at the repugnance he felt; "I can't play, for," he continued, "you know it's Sunday, Puckett."

At this remark the Kentuckian put down the cards, and laying back in his chair, and thrusting his legs far under the table, he broke out into repeated fits of laughter, tears streamed down his cheeks, and at last he rolled his head from side to side, as if he was too full, and could not get relief. He found words, however, finally, and said:

"Dixon, by the Lord you will be the death of me—Sunday! that's a good one; can't play 'cause it's Sunday," and Puckett again went off into hysterical laughter, repeating, "Dixon, you are too funny! Oh! that—that's too good—too good."

"But I'm serious," said Dixon, greatly annoyed.

"That's the very thing!" said Puckett, sticking the pack of cards in his mouth, to keep from breaking out again. "You see that's the joke, one would s'pose you was in real 'arnest," and again he rolled about in his chair, and pushed his fists into his aching sides.

"Puckett," said Dixon, when that worthy had become somewhat quiet; "Puckett, don't go down stairs and blow on me, but I tell you the truth now, when I say I'm going to reform. I'll do it, Puckett, and you may laugh as much as you please."

"He he—ha ha!" cachinated that worthy, but as he looked up, and saw the pale and excited face of Dixon, for the first time, a feeling of alarm came over him, and rising up, he said:

"Why, what's the matter, old boy, you look as white as milk and water?"

"Did you never think about dying, Puckett, or anything of that sort?" inquired Dixon, at a loss to know how to get his naturally good-hearted companion serious.

"Thought about dying?" mechanically echoed he. "Why, yes, I thought about it once, when I got out of tobacker, but I don't recollect any other time."

"Did you never think, Puckett, about another world, and what will become of us if we go on breaking Sunday, playing cards and drinking? I have thought of these things. I've laid here on my back for days and nights and been full of thinking. I've been a bad man, Ben. I've seen sights in this very room that have made my brain cold; it's awful, Puckett, awful!" and Dixon's face settled into black despair.

"What did you see, Jim?" asked Puckett, perfectly at a loss to understand the slave-trader's feelings.

"I've seen dead nigger women," said Dixon in reply, screetchin to me for their children—I've seen nigger men praying for their lives—I've seen whole gangs of niggers, with their backs all blood, their eyes all sunken, pointing their long skinny fingers at me, and they keep on doing it whenever I'm alone!"

"You must have *manyaporter*," said Ben, with a kind of soothing voice. "Didn't you see rats?" he continued, with an equivocal smile, and looking archly at Dixon. "Why, Jim Ruggles, after he had his last frolic, seed the devil; he told me so himself; said he looked like a rattlesnake forty feet long, twisted all around his body, with his soft jawed and infarnal open mouth pat up again his face, tongue, pizen-hooks and all; so seeing niggers is nothing," and Puckett looked at Dixon under the impression that he had conveyed much consolation by his remarks.

"I wish that I could see a snake, or anything, Pucket, but niggers. I'm afraid of niggers," and as Dixon said this, he nervously clutched his rude but sympathizing companion by the shoulder.

"Is there a living nigger as can scare Jim Dixon?" asked Ben scornfully, and somewhat confounded at the exhibition he had witnessed.

"No," said Dixon in a hissing whisper, "not a *living* nigger, Puckett, they can't scare me; it's dead niggers as claws at my vitals," and as the invalid said this, he fell in a fainting fit back on his pillow.

Ben instinctively lifted Dixon up, chafed his temples, and the moment that he displayed returning consciousness, gave him some water. The sick man slowly came to himself, and after staring vaguely about, begged Ben to put away the cards and bottle; close the window blinds and set down by his bed, while he tried to rest.

It was not long before Dixon fell into a lethargic sleep, when Ben quietly stepped away, and proceeded to the bar-room, where sat Busteed and three or four of his patrons, engaged in one of their usual games of chance.

Dixon slowly recovered his strength of body, but not his peace of mind. Unable to go much about, he was left to the solitude of his own chamber, where he reviewed the past events of his life, and determined, so far as it was in his power, to reform his manner and conversation, and also to make such reparation as was possible, for the crimes he had committed in the pursuit of his business.

On the plea of indisposition, he carefully abstained from the company of his former boon companions; and he was not a person to be intruded upon when he expressed a distaste for society. In his solitude he looked forward with considerable interest to the services of the coming Sunday; having a vivid, but undefined impression from what he had heard, that there was a necessity, not only for morality but for holiness, he earnestly desired to learn the way that such a high degree of perfection could be reached—at the moment, no definite way of propitiation presented itself, but liberal charities and alms.

"GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

The little church was at an early hour crowded to its utmost capacity, and in an obscure corner, among the listeners, sat Dixon, his face beaming with expectation and interest; he was for the moment transported back to the days of his boyhood innocence, the active scenes of his life in the long years that had since passed had faded from his mind, and a future, sanctified by good resolves, alone occupied his thoughts.

The preliminary services having been concluded, the Rev. Mr. Goshawk rose and stated, that he should that day found his sermon on part of the second verse of the thirteenth chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans: "*Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God.*"

In his preliminary remarks, he stated that he presumed the institution of Slavery was most absorbing to their minds, and that therefore he had concluded to confine himself to its scripture view. That he had more recently been on at the North, and had been compelled to have his attention drawn to the important subject, by its agitation among the people he had so recently visited.

At this announcement Dixon turned fairly pale, and was obliged to disguise his excitement by leaning his head upon the slip before him. His next impulse was to leave the church, for he shrunk, in his then humour, from having the full enormity of his crimes drawn by the powerful eloquence of the preacher; but recovering himself, he determined to receive the reproof in store for him with a penitent spirit, and as part of the penalty he had to pay for, as he thought, "his many sins."

"Slavery," continued Mr. Goshawk, "is the oldest institution relating to the government of men that exists in the world. The Jewish people, among whom it was established as an accessory of their civilization (by the Almighty, because they were his chosen people), have politically passed away, but the institution remains. It was ingrafted upon the world and humanity, the moment the surging waters of the deluge subsided and left the dry land to appear. For it was even then that the decree went forth that the children of Ham should be bondsmen forever; yet in the face of this startling truth, so intimately interwoven with the second creation of the world, do people, professing to be Christians, profanely attempt to put their hand upon the Ark, and by their weakness would arrest the decrees of a just, though inscrutable Providence."

Dixon, as these announcements one after another struck his ears, was perfectly overcome with astonishment. He rubbed his eyes, as if trying to wake up from a sound sleep—an expression of incredulity rested upon his face, and he looked around, as if to satisfy himself that he was not dreaming.

"Again I ask, if Slavery were this terrible evil, would the men selected by our Saviour, to carry the everlasting gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth, have allowed it to go uncondemned? Could these martyrs to the truth be charged with moral cowardice? No! for men, most all of whom were slain alive in defence of their cherished principles, could have had no fear. The apostles, if they had been Anti-Slavery men, would have cried aloud, where the evil existed, and not like these modern disorganizers, abused and vilified the slaveholder, when not only out of the way of all usefulness, but of all responsibility.

"The laws of God, touching the subject of Slavery, are spread as clearly through every part of the Scriptures as are the stars in the firmament of heaven. Human reason may do battle against them, but the only result will be the most glaring manifestation of mortal weakness. The institution of Slavery, from its divine origin, must continue so long as sin shall have a tendency to lead to death, so long as Jehovah shall rule and exercise the attributes of mercy to fallen, degraded man.

"If Slavery," continued the preacher, "was a thing as bad as its ignorant enemies represent, why are the Scriptures so silent as to denunciations. Innumerable chapters can be found justifying it, regulating it, yet no commands that it should not exist. In Genesis, we have a pleasing record of the ameliorating influence of Slavery even in those early times. 'Judah said unto his brethren, what profit is it if we slay our brother and conceal his blood? Come, let us sell him to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hand be upon him.' The saving of the life of Joseph was the consequence, and following it came all the blessings that through him flowed toward the children of Israel. We are also to notice, brethren, that the holding of slaves, in Jacob's day, was neither *illegal* nor *uncommon*. We are, therefore, not surprised that history gives us to understand, that in the golden streets of Jerusalem were to be found the marts for slaves. I can imagine the patriarchs of old, as do now our noble planters, trafficking for servants, and selecting with care those which best answered their purposes.

"In later and more glorious days, the streets of Rome, and those of every dependency of that great republic, swarmed with slaves. They were at times butchered without mercy, thrown to wild beasts for amusement, and were even used by epicures, as food for their petted fishes. Yet our Saviour, blessed be his name, raised not his voice against the institution, and the apostles exerted their influence, as in the case of Onesimus, to return not only runaways to their masters, but to frequently exhort them to be obedient for the glory of God.

"What," continued Mr. Goshawk, "is the position of the slaveholder? He is the true patriarch; the parent of a large family; his duties are sacred; he not only has the bodies but the souls of men in his keeping; he educates and religiously instructs his dependents; if they are sick, he nurses them; if naked, he clothes them; and if borne down by age and infirmities provides a support and finds a retreat for them. Unlike the employer of the free labourer, his care never ceases, it does not stop the moment the recipient is no longer pecuniarily useful.

"And here, brethren, it is forced upon me to make those personal applications of our discourse, that naturally arise in considering this interesting theme. It is charged against us, that our peculiar institutions encourage cruelty to the negro. How absurd and unchristian is this scandal. Imperatively commanded by the Holy Book to buy slaves, we are also enjoined by the same Holy injunction to keep them in obedience. The divine law shows internal evidence of its high origin, by providing for the punishment of slaves with rods, and asserts, that if the slave die in a day or two after his beating, yet his owner shall not be punished, because he can appropriate to his own use, his man-servant or his maid-servant, and his ox, and his ass, and anything that is his.

"Are we immaculate? are we not subject to excitements like unto other men? Is it wonderful, that having, by Providence, the great responsibility of slaveholding put upon us, that we should in the administration of our sacred office, sometimes, in moments of excitement, punish not more severely than the law permits, but more than our interests justify? Moses, who was denominated the meekest of men, in a fit of passion threw down the-hand-of God-inscribed tablets of the law; cannot, therefore, a fatal blow to a degraded negro be passed by in silence? Peter, who was evidently of a Southern disposition, of a chivalrous, noble temperament, in the very presence of our Saviour, on the impulse of the moment, drew his sword, and smote the servant of the high priest. That a master, provoked beyond endurance, should do worse to that which he owns and has bought with a price, should be set down to the amiable and redeeming traits of humanity, rather than to the indulgence of improper and brutalizing passions.

"Brethren, we are charged in the South with assisting in affrays, duels and murders. I need not say that these slanders need no refutation. Look at the annals of crime of the immaculate North—the crime of every day—and ours sink in petty incidents, compared with the enormity of these *free* people. We are charged with encouraging duelling, but when did a high standard of honour injure the

unregenerate heart? As a clergyman, commissioned to preach peace and good will to all men, I condemn the practice; but if the grace of God prevails not, better that the passions should be regulated by rules accepted of by the educated and refined, than be left to riot in unrestrained wickedness of the natural heart.

"We are charged with not being as good as our neighbours. Our brethren of the North have gone into the temple, and thanked God that they are not as other men; announced that they do not oppress—that they are given to alms. For all they have done in sincerity, Heaven be praised; but I will say in answer to such hypocrisy, that our Southern piety is unobtrusive.

"If the windy work of blowing trumpets at the corners of the streets—if vociferation, and noise, are the evidences of religion, we are lost; but Southern Christians 'do good in secret,' that they may in abundant crops, and increasing wealth, be rewarded openly. Our ministers compare favourably for learning and zeal with any North; and if we are not given to sectarian controversy—if there be a quiet calm in the various churches in our midst—we have not to blush at beholding the fanatical evidences of misguided and misdirected zeal.

"But, brethren, why dwell upon the unnecessary and needlessly imposed task of defending ourselves against the folly of fanatics and envy of irreligious men? let us turn and contemplate our glorious destiny, and remember, that we have been singled out by Providence, as were the children of Israel in olden times, to be his peculiar people. The Southern Christians are chosen as the instruments for the greatest and sublimest Christian revolution ever achieved by mortal being. When the poor African was landed on our coast, the slave-robbers did not know that their apparently evil deeds were to be made to praise God; yet such was verily the case. We have but to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord, and the glory that will come up out of Jerusalem.

"In the glowing and eloquent language of a beloved brother, 'I feel satisfied with the tendencies of things.' I stand upon the mountain-peak, above the clouds. I see, far beyond the storm, the calm sea, and the blue sky. I see the Canaan of the African. I stand there on the Nebo of his exodus, and look across not the Jordan, but the Atlantic.

"I gaze as did Moses from Mount Pisgah over into the promised land; I see the ocean divided by a great wind, and piled up in walls of green glittering glass on either hand; and through this crystal avenue the children of Ham are crossing upon dry ground—the marching host amid the pillar of cloud and fire. I look over the Niger, black with death, to the white man—instinct with life to the children of Ham. There is the black man's home; *there* is his father's land—there will he exhibit his own type of Christianity. Verily, verily! this emancipated race may rival the most amiable form of spiritual life, and the jewel may glitter upon the Ethiop's brow, in meaning more sublime than all the poet's imagery.

"Brethren, in the ordering of events, the African will go—the ocean will separate—the miracle will be accomplished; but let us remember, that we are potter's clay in the hands of an overruling power—the chosen instruments of great good; and let us encourage in our hearts that simple childlike faith, that *makes us satisfied with things as they are*, and willing to leave the future to the care of an all-wise and merciful Providence."

Never, probably, was there a discourse uttered by a human voice that had a more powerful effect upon an auditor than did Goshawk's upon Dixon. He had taken his place in the congregation an hour or two before with a wan face, sunken, careworn eyes, and debilitated frame; he now walked forth absolutely changed in his physical as well as moral constitution. A new light had broken in upon his mind; he was clay in the hands of the potter—a blind instrument for doing good. He had gone to church, feeling that he was in the slough of despondency, but was now conscious that, under the enlightened influences of "the sanctuary," his burden had rolled from off his soul; and in the exuberance of his new view of things, he absolutely snapped his fingers over his head, and took one or two steps that gave promise, if their style had been continued, that the spectator would have had a very good idea of a country jig.

The "Head-quarters" on the morning of Mr. Goshawk's sermon had been unusually dull; as Busteed remarked, "The Sunday races down at Sawyer's always tuck away some of his customers, but the flare-up at the church coming on at the same time, he was doing nothing at all." Even Puckett, for a while, deserted the popular resort, and walked over to the church, thrust his head in at the door, and got, what he said, was the "milk in the cocoanut;" and not waiting for the closing ceremonies, he rushed back to Busteed's, and leaning over the bar, commenced quite an animated description of what he had heard. As Puckett proceeded, Busteed, who was busy wiping tumblers with a rag, startled by some assertion of Puckett's, exclaimed:

"Oh, nonsense, Goshawk didn't pile it on so thick as that, did he?"

"Yes, he did, though," returned Puckett, emphatically; "and the parson went it even a little stronger, for he made out Dixon and sich like to be rigler missionaries of the Gospel."

At that instant Dixon stepped into the bar-room. His improved appearance, and genial manner, compared with an hour or two before, struck both the landlord and Puckett; the latter, unable to contain his gratification, remarked:

"Major, you look better than you did this morning—you must be getting well."

"I am better," said Dixon, emphatically; I've got clear of them confounded pains, that's troubled me so much; I am now as good as new, and we'll take a drink to celebrate the fact."—*The Master's House, a Tale of Southern Life; just published by McElrath and Barker, New York.*

"DOG'S BUSINESS."—The Nebraska outrage, and the rendition of Burns by the aid of a mercenary soldiery, have called forth hearty denunciations from pens and tongues that before were nearly silent on the subject of Slavery and its encroachments. Among other eminent men who have been moved to stern and indignant speech by these deeds of shame is Rev. Geo. B. Cheever, D. D., whose name has been made familiar to the public ear more in consequence of his earnest support of the gallows and of a strait-laced Puritanism in relation to Popery and Sunday observances than by the advocacy of any reform. He has recently contributed to the columns of the *Independent* a series of articles on the present crisis of the Slavery question, in a style so vigorous and a spirit so manly and brave, that we regret much our want of the space necessary to reproduce them. In his last, he quotes with approbation Mr. Sumner's answer to Butler of South Carolina, when asked if he would help execute the fugitive act, viz.: "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" and then adds the following remarks:

As to the business of catching fugitive slaves, it is a hound's business; it was the monopoly of dogs, to a great degree, till the machinery of law has bestowed upon it a factitious dignity, and made not a few regard it as the distinguished mark of a good citizen, a business enjoined of God, and having his special approbation. Strip it of its disguise, call things by their right names, and the business is neither more nor less than that of *go betweens* for men stealers; and the law by which it is raised from the original depth of guilt and degradation, and commanded as a form of holiness, is, all things considered, more infamous than, in the times of past darkness, the law making the African slave-trade an honest business.

Nothing can be conceived more monstrous than for freemen to be condemned to do the work of bloodhounds in hunting and capturing slaves. The most odious tyranny that ever existed never had any worse feature than this, of compelling its subjects to execute the wickedness of enslaving one another.

If this compulsion is by law, the law itself is an execrable tyranny, debasing every man that obeys it; it is worse than the sword, worse than physical compulsion, for it makes the man the acquiescent instrument in his own infamy. It is infamy for any man to permit himself, through fear of man, or compulsion of despotic law, to do injustice to another. It is greater infamy to help *enslave* another than it would be to permit *one's self* to be enslaved; to deny another's birthright is worse than to abdicate your own. To what conceivable degradation or abuse can immortal beings be subjected more detestable, than to be put to a service which degrades even the animals employed in it, the bloodhounds trained with peculiar scent and ferocity for the pursuit of human victims? A dog is degraded by such work, but a man far beneath the dog. A being in the form of humanity to be changed into a hound on the track of fugitive negroes; pointed and ordered by the slaveholder to precisely the same hunt, on which he unleashes the keen and hungry tigers of his kennel! All the transmigrations of Indus, all the hells of Dante, all the monstrous incarnations and cruelties of the most brutal idolatry, can show no forms of distortion more unhumanizing and inhuman. The vail of the forms of law, the refinement of its process, the change of scene from a swamp or forest to the city and the court house, cannot conceal the reality. The mind looks through the deception, and sees at the bottom the victim and the hound. And to think of a man engaging in such work with "alacrity," because the slaveholding tyranny has put it into law!

FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

SPEECH OF HON. CHARLES SUMNER,

OF MASSACHUSETTS,

In the Senate, June 28, 1854.

The Senate having under consideration the motion to refer to the Committe on the Judiciary the Petition from twenty-nine hundred citizens of Massachusetts, praying for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law—

Mr. SUMNER said:

Mr President: Since I had the honour of addressing the Senate two days ago, various Senators have spoken. Among these several have alluded to me in terms clearly beyond the sanctions of parliamentary debate. Of this I make no complaint, though, for the honour of the Senate at least, it were well that it were otherwise. If to them it seems fit, courteous, parliamentary,

—"to unpack the heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion,"

I will not interfere with the enjoyment which they find in such exposure of themselves. They have certainly given us a taste of their characters. Two of them, the Senator from South Carolina [Mr. Butler], who sits immediately before me, and the Senator from Virginia [Mr. Mason], who sits immediately behind me, are not young. Their heads are amply crowned by time. They did not speak from any ebullition of youth; but from the confirmed temper of age. It is melancholy to believe that, in this debate, they showed themselves as they are. It were charitable to believe that they are in reality better than they showed themselves.

I think, sir, that I am not the only person on this floor who, in lately listening to these two self-confident champions of the peculiar fanaticism of the South, was reminded of the striking words by Jefferson, picturing the influence of Slavery, where he says, "The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submission on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it; for man is an imitative animal. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, put on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives loose to his worst passions, and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances." Nobody who witnessed the Senator from South Carolina or the Senator from Virginia in this debate will place either of them among the "prodigies" described by Jefferson. As they spoke, the Senate Chamber must have seemed, in the characteristic fantasy of the moment, a plantation well stocked with slaves, over which the lash of the overseer had free swing. Sir, it gives me no pleasure to say these things. It is not according to my nature. Bear witness, that I do it only in just self defence against the unprecedented provocations of this debate. If Senators expect, by any ardour of menace or by any tyrannical frown, to shake my fixed resolve, they expect a vain thing.

There was, perhaps, little that fell from these two champions, as the fit was on, which deserves reply. Certainly not the hard words they used so readily and congenially. The veteran Senator from Virginia [Mr. Mason] complained that I had characterized one of his "constituents," a person who went all the way from Virginia to Boston in pursuit of a slave, as a Slave-Hunter. Sir, I choose to call things by their right names. White I call white, and black I call black. And where a person degrades himself to the work of chasing a fellow man, who, under the aspiration of freedom and the guidance of the north star, has sought a freeman's home far away from the coffle and the chain, that person, whomsoever he may be, I call a Slave-Hunter. If the Senator from Virginia, who professes nicety of speech, will give me any term which more precisely describes such a person, I will use it. Until then I shall continue to use the language which seems to me so apt. But this very sensibility of the veteran Senator at a just term, which truly depicts an odious character, shows a shame in which I exult. It was said by one of the philosophers of antiquity, that the blush is a sign of virtue; and permit me to add, that, in this violent sensibility, I recognise a blush mantling the cheek of the Senator, which even his plantation manners cannot conceal.

And the venerable Senator from South Carolina, too [Mr. Butler]—he has betrayed his sensibility. Here let me say that this Senator knows well that I always listen with peculiar pleasure to his racy and exuberant speech, as it gurgles forth—sometimes tinctured by generous ideas—except when, forgetful of history, and in defiance of reason, he undertakes to defend that which is obviously indefensible. This Senator was disturbed, when to his inquiry, personally, pointedly, and vehemently addressed to me, whether I would join in returning a fellow-man to Slavery, I exclaimed, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" In fitful phrases, which seemed to come from the unconscious excitement so common with the Senator, he shot forth various remarks about "dogs"; and, among other things, asked if there was any "dog" in the Constitution? The Senator did not seem to bear in mind, in the heady currents of that moment, that, by the false interpretation he has given to the Constitution, he has helped to nurture there a whole kennel of Carolina blood-hounds, trained, with savage jaws and inexorable scent, for the hunt of flying bondmen. No, sir. I do not believe that there is any "kennel of blood-hounds," or even any "dog," in the Constitution of the United States.

But, Mr. President, since the brief response which I made to the inquiry of the Senator, and which leaped unconsciously to my lips, has drawn upon me various attacks, all marked by grossness of language and manner; since I have been charged with openly declaring my purpose to violate the Constitution, and to break the oath which I have taken at that desk, I shall be pardoned for showing simply how a few plain words will put all this down. The authentic report in the *Globe* shows what was actually said. The report in the *Sentinel* is substantially the same; and one of the New York papers, which has been put into my hands since I entered the Senate Chamber to-day, under its telegraphic head, states the incident with sustantial accuracy, though it omits the personal individual appeal addressed to me by the Senator, and which is preserved in the *Globe*. To any candid mind, either of these reports renders anything further superfluous. But the Senators who have been so swift in misrepresentation deserve to be exposed, and it shall be done.

Now, sir, I begin by adopting as my guide the authoritative words of Andrew Jackson, in his memorable veto, in 1832, of the Bank of the United States. To his course, at that critical time, were opposed the authority of the Supreme Court *and his oath to support the Constitution*. Here is his triumphant reply:

"If the opinion of the Supreme Court covers the whole ground of this act, it ought not to control the co-ordinate authorities of this Government. The Congress, the Executive, and the Court, must each for itself be guided by its own opinion of the Constitution. *Each public officer, who takes an oath to support the Constitution, swears that he will support it as he understands it, and not as it is understood by others.* It is as much the duty of the House of Representatives, of the Senate, and of the President, to decide upon the constitutionality of any bill or resolution, which may be presented to them for passage or approval, as it is of the supreme judges when it may be brought before them for judicial decision. The authority of the Supreme Court must not, therefore, be permitted to control the Congress or the Executive, when acting in their legislative capacities, but to have only such influence as the force of their reasoning may deserve."

Mark these words, and let them sink into your minds. "Each public officer who takes an oath to support the Constitution, swears that he will support it as he understands it, and not as it is understood by others." Yes, sir, AS HE UNDERSTANDS IT, *and not as it is understood by others.* Does any Senator here dissent from this rule? Does the Senator from Virginia? Does the Senator from South Carolina? [Here Mr Sumner paused, but there was no reply] At all events, I accept the rule as just and reasonable; in harmony, too, let me assert, with that liberty which scorns the dogma of *passive obedience*, and asserts the inestimable right of private judgment, whether in religion or politics. In swearing to support the Constitution at your desk, Mr. President, I did not swear to support it as *you* understand it. Oh, no, sir. Or as the Senator from Virginia understands it. Oh, no, sir. Or as the Senator from South Carolina understands it, with a kennel of blood-hounds; or, at least, a "dog" in it, "pawing to get free its hinder parts," in pursuit of a slave. No such thing. Sir, I swore to support it *as I understand it*; nor more, nor less.

Now, I will not occupy your time, nor am I so disposed at this moment, nor does the occasion require it, by entering upon any minute criticism of the clause in the Constitution touching the surrender of "fugitives from labour" A few words only are needful. Assuming, sir, in the face of commanding rules of interpretation, all leaning towards freedom, that in the evasive language of this clause, paltering in a double sense, the words employed can be judicially regarded as justly applicable to fugitive slaves, which, as you ought to know, sir, is often most strenuously and conscientiously denied—thus sponging the whole clause out of existence, except as a provision for the return of persons actually bound by lawful contract, but on which I now express no opinion; assuming, I say, this interpretation, so hostile to freedom and derogatory to the members of the Federal convention, who solemly declared that they would not yield any sanction to Slavery, or admit into the Constitution the idea of property in man; assuming, I repeat, an interpretation which every principle of the common law, claimed by our fathers as their birthright, must disown; admitting, for the moment only, and with shame, that the Constitution of the United States has any words which, in any legal intendment, can constrain fugitive slaves, then I desire to say, that, as I understand the Constitution, this clause does not impose upon me, as a Senator or citizen, any obligation to take part, directly or indirectly, in the surrender of a fugitive slave.

Sir, as a Senator, I have taken at your desk the oath to support the Constitution, *as I understand it*. And understanding it as I do, I am bound by that oath, Mr. President, to oppose all enactments by Congress on the subject of fugitive slaves as a flagrant violation of the Constititution; especially must I oppose the last act as a tyrannical usurpation, kindred in character to the Stamp Act, which our fathers indignantly refused to obey. Here my duties, under the oath which I have taken as a Senator, end. There is nothing 'beyond. They are all absorbed in the constant, inflexible, righteous obligation to oppose every exercise by Congress of any power over the subject. In no respect, by that oath, can I be constrained to duties *in other capacities, or as a simple citizen*, especially when revolting to my conscience. Now, in this interpretation of the Constitution I may be wrong; others may differ from me; the Senator from Virginia may differ from me, and the Senator from South Carolina also; and they will, each and all, act according to their respective understandings. For myself, I shall act according to mine. On this explicit statement of my constitutional obligations, I stand, as upon a rock, and, to the inquiry, in whatever form addressed to my personal responsibility, whether I would aid, directly or indirectly, in reducing or surrendering a fellow-man to bondage, I reply again, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?"

And, sir, looking round upon this Senate, I might ask fearlessly, how many there are, even in this body, if, indeed, there be a single Senator, who would stoop to any such service? Until some one rises and openly confesses his willingness to become a Slave-Hunter, I will not believe that there can be one. [Here Mr. Sumner paused, but nobody rose.] And yet honourable and chivalrous Senators have rushed headlong to denounce me, because I openly declared my repudiation of a service at which every manly bosom must revolt. "Sire, I have found in Bayonne brave soldiers and good citizens, *but not one executioner*," was the noble reply of the Governor of that place to Charles IX. of France, after the royal edict for the massacre of St Bartholomew; and such a spirit, I trust, will yet animate the people of this country, when pressed to the service of "dogs!"

To that other question, which has been proposed, whether Massachusetts, by State laws, will carry out the offensive clause in the Constitution, according to the understanding of the venerable Senator from South Carolina, I reply that Massachusetts, at all times, has been ready to do her duty under the Constitution, as she understands it; and, I doubt not, will ever continue of this mind. More than this I cannot say.

In quitting this topic, I cannot forbear to remark that the assault on me for my disclaimer of all constitutional obligation, resting upon me as a Senator or citizen, to aid in making a man a slave, or in surrendering him to Slavery, comes with an ill grace from the veteran Senator from Virginia, a State which, by its far-famed resolutions of 1798, assumed to determine its constitutional obligations, even to the extent of openly declaring two different acts of Congress null and void; and it comes also with an ill grace from the venerable Senator from South Carolina, a State which, in latter days, has arrayed itself openly against the Federal authorities, and which threatens nullification as often as babies cry.

Surely the Senator from South Carolina, with his silver-white locks, would have hesitated to lead this assault upon me, had he not, for the moment, been entirely oblivious of the history of the State which he represents. Not many years have passed since an incident occurred at Charleston, in South Carolina—not at Boston, in Massachusetts—which ought to be remembered. The postmaster of that place, acting under a controlling public opinion there, informed the head of his Department at Washington that he had determined to suppress all *Anti-Slavery* publications, and requested instructions for the future. Thus, in violation of the laws of the land, the very mails were rifled, and South Carolina smiled approbation of the outrage. But this is not all. The Postmaster-General, Mr. Kendall, after prudently alleging that, as he had not seen the papers in question, he could not give an opinion of their character, proceeded to say, that he had been *informed* that they were incendiary, inflammatory, and insurrectionary, and then announced—

"By no act or direction of mine, official or private, could I be induced to aid knowingly in giving circulation to papers of this description, directly or indirectly. *We owe an obligation to the laws*, but a *higher* one to the communities in which we live; and if the former be perverted to destroy the latter, *it is patriotism to disregard them.* Entertaining these views, I cannot sanction, and will not condemn, the step you have taken."

Such was the approving response of the National Government to the Postmaster at Charleston, when, for the sake of Slavery, and without any constitutional scruple, he set himself against an acknowledged law of the land; yet the Senator from South Carolina now presumes to denounce me, when, for the sake of freedom, and in the honest interpretation of my constitutional obligations, I decline an offensive service.

But there is another incident in the history of South Carolina which, as a loyal son of Massachusetts, I cannot forget, and which rises now in judgment against the venerable Senator. Massachusetts had commissioned a distinguished gentleman, of blameless life and eminent professional qualities, who served with honour in the other House [Hon. Samuel Hoar], to reside at Charleston for a brief period, in order to guard the rights of her free coloured citizens, assailed on arrival by an inhospitable statute, so gross in its provisions that an eminent character of South Carolina, a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, Hon. William Johnson, had characterized it as "trampling on the Constitution," and "a direct attack upon the sovereignty of the United States." Massachusetts had read in the Constitution a clause closely associated with that touching "fugitives from labour," to the following effect: "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States," and supposed that this would yet be recognized by South Carolina. But she was mistaken. Her venerable representative, an unarmed old man, with hair as silver-white almost as that of the Senator before me, was beset in Charleston by a "respectable" mob, prevented from entering upon his duties, and driven from the State, while the Legislature stepped in to sanction this shameless, lawless act by placing on the statute-book an order for his expulsion. And yet, sir, the excitable Senator from South Carolina is fired by the fancied delinquencies of Massachusetts towards Slave Hunters, and also by my own refusal to render them any "aid or comfort;" he showers questions in volleys, assumes to measure our duties by his understanding, and ejaculates a lecture at Massachusetts and myself. Sir, before that venerable Senator again does this, let him return to his own State, seamed all over with the rents left by nullification, and first lecture there. Let him look into his own heart, and lecture to himself.

But enough for the present on this head of the extent of my constitutional obligations to become a Slave Hunter. There are, however, yet other things in the assault of the venerable Senator which, for the sake of truth, in just defence of Massachusetts, and in honour of freedom, shall not be left unanswered. Alluding to those days when Massachusetts was illustrated by Otis, Hancock, and "the brace of Adamses;" when Faneuil Hall sent forth echoes of liberty which resounded even to South Carolina, and the very stones in the streets of Boston rose in mutiny against tyranny, the Senator with the silver-white locks, in the very ecstacy of Slavery, broke forth in the ejaculation that Massachusetts was then "slaveholding;" and he presumed to hail these patriots as representatives of "hardy, slaveholding Massachusetts." Sir, I repel the imputation. It is true that Massachusetts was "hardy," but she was not, *in any just sense*, "slaveholding" And had she been so, she could not have been "hardy." The two characteristics are inconsistent as weakness and strength, as sickness and health—I had almost said, as death and life.

The Senator opens a page, which I would willingly present. Sir, Slavery never flourished in Massachusetts; nor did it ever prevail there at any time, even in early colonial days, to such a degree as to be a distinctive feature in her powerful civilization. Her few slaves were merely for a term of years, or for life. If, in point of fact, their issue was sometimes held in bondage, it was never by sanction of any statute Law of Colony or Commonwealth. (*Lanesboro'* vs. *Westfield*, 16 Mass 74). In all her annals no person was ever born a slave on the soil of Massachusetts. This of itself is a response to the imputation of the Senator.

A benign and brilliant act of her Legislature, as far back as 1646, shows her sensibility on this subject. A Boston ship had brought home two negroes seized on the coast of Guinea. Thus spoke Massachusetts:

"The General Court, conceiving themselves bound by the first opportunity to bear witness against the heinous and crying sin of man-stealing, also to prescribe such timely redress for what is past, *and such a law for the future as may sufficiently deter all those belonging to us, to have to do in such vile and most odious conduct, justly abhorred of all good and just men*, do order that the negro interpreter, with others unlawfully taken, be, by the first opportunity, at the charge of the country, for the present, sent to his native country, of Guinea, and a letter with him of the indignation of the Court thereabout and justice thereof."

The Colony that could issue this noble decree was inconsistent with itself, when it allowed its rocky face to be pressed by the footsteps of a single slave. But a righteous public opinion early and constantly set its face against Slavery. As early as 1701 a vote was entered upon the records of Boston to the following effect: "The Representatives are desired to promote the encouraging the bringing of white servants, and *to put a period to negroes being slaves.*" Perhaps, in all history this is the earliest testimony from any official body against negro Slavery, and I thank God that it came from Boston, my native town. In 1705 a heavy duty was imposed upon every negro imported into the province; in 1712 the importation of Indians as servants or slaves was strictly forbidden; but the general subject of Slavery attracted little attention till the beginning of the controversy which ended in the Revolution; when the rights of the blacks were blended by all true patriots with those of the whites. Sparing all unnecessary details, suffice it to say, that, as early as 1769, one of the courts of Massachusetts, anticipating, by several years, the renowned judgment in Somersett's case, established within its jurisdiction the principle of emancipation; and under its touch of magic power, changed a slave into a freeman. Similar decisions followed in other places. In 1776, the whole number of blacks, both free and slave, sprinkled thinly over "hardy" Massachusetts, was five thousand two hundred and forty-nine, being to the whites as one is to sixty-five; while in "slaveholding" South Carolina the number of negro slaves at that time, was not far from one hundred thousand, being nearly one slave for every freeman, thus rendering the Colony anything but "hardy." At last, in 1780, even before the triumph of Yorktown had led the way to that peace which sets its seal upon our National Independence, Massachusetts, animated by the struggles of the Revolution, and filled by the sentiments of freedom, placed on the front of her Bill of Rights the emphatic words that "all men are born free and equal," and by this declaration exterminated every vestige of Slavery within her borders. All hail, then, to Massachusetts, the just and generous Commonwealth in whose behalf I have the honour to speak.

Thus, sir, does the venerable Senator err when he presumes to vouch Massachusetts for Slavery, and to associate this odious institution with the name of her great patriots.

Mr. ROCKWELL. Will my honourable colleague allow me to send to the Chair and have read in this connection with his present remarks, a passage from Graham's History of the United States?

Mr. SUMNER. I do not know the passage to which my colleague refers, but I welcome any interruption from him.

The Secretary read as follows:

"Among other subjects of dispute with the British Government and its officers, was one more creditable to Massachusetts than even her magnanimous concern for the liberty of her citizens and their fellow-colonists. Negro Slavery still subsisted in every one of the American provinces, and the unhappy victims of this yoke were rapidly multiplied by the progressive extension of the slave trade. Georgia, the youngest of all the States, contained already fourteen thousand negroes; and in the course of the present year alone, more than six thousand were imported into South Carolina. In New England the number of slaves was very insignificant, and their treatment so mild and humane as in some measure to veil from the public eye the iniquity of their bondage. But, the recent discussions with regard to liberty and the rights of human nature, were calculated to awaken in generous minds a juster impression of negro Slavery; and during the latter part of Governor Bernard's administration, a bill prohibitory of all traffic in negroes was passed by the Massachusetts Assembly. Bernard, however, in conformity with his instructions from the Crown, refused to affirm this law; and thus opposed himself to the virtue as well as to the liberty of the people whom he governed.

"On three subsequent occasions, laws abolishing the slave trade were passed by the same Assembly during Hutchinson's administration; but all were in a like manner negatived by the Governor. And yet it was at this very period, when Britain permitted her merchants annually to make slaves of more than fifty thousand men, and refused to permit her colonies to decline a participation in this injustice, that her orators, poets and statesmen loudly celebrated the generosity of English virtue in suffering no slaves to exist on English ground, and the transcendent equity of her judicial tribunals in liberating one negro who had been carried there. Though Massachusetts was thus prevented from abolishing the slave trade, the relative discussions that took place were by no means unproductive of good. A great amelioration became visible in the condition of all the negroes in the province; and most of the proprietors gave liberty to their slaves. This *just* action—for such and such only it deserves to be termed—had obtained hitherto scarcely any notice from mankind, while the subsequent and similar conduct of the Quakers in Pennsylvania has been celebrated with warmth and general encomium. So capricious is the distribution of fame, and so much advantage does the reputation of virtue derive from alliance with sectarian spirit and interest."

Mr. SUMNER. I am obliged to my colleague. The extract is in substantial conformity with clear historic truth, which the Senator from South Carolina, in one of his oratorical effluxes, has impeached. But the venerable Senator errs yet more, if possible, when he attributes to "slaveholding" communities a leading part in those contributions of arms and treasure by which independence was secured. Here are the exact words, as I find them in the *Globe*, revised by himself:

"Sir, when blood was shed upon the plains of Lexington and Concord, in an issue made by Boston, to whom was an appeal made, and from whom was it answered? The answer is found in the acts of slaveholding States—*animis opibusque parati*. Yes, sir, the independence of America, to maintain republican liberty, was won by the arms and treasures, by the patriotism and *good faith* of slaveholding communities."

Mark the language, sir, as emphasized by himself. Surely, the Senator with his silver-white locks, all fresh from the outrage of the Nebraska bill, cannot stand here and proclaim "the *good faith* of slaveholding communities," except in irony Yes, sir, in irony. And let me add, that when the Senator presumes to say that American Independence "was won by the arms and treasure of *slaveholding* communities," attributing to this element any influence deserving praise and not condemnation, he speaks either in irony or in ignorance.

The question which the veteran Senator from South Carolina here opens, by his vaunt, I have no desire to discuss; but, since it is presented, I confront it at once. This is not the first time, during my brief service here, that this Senator has sought on this floor to provoke a comparison between slaveholding communities and the free States.

Mr. BUTLER. You cannot quote a single instance in which I have done it. I have always said I thought it was in bad taste, and I have never attempted it.

Mr. SUMNER. I beg the Senator's pardon. I always listen to him, and I know whereof I affirm. He has profusely dealt in it. I allude now only to a single occasion. In his speech on the Nebraska bill, running through two days, it was one of his commonplaces. In that he openly presented a contrast between the free States and "slaveholding communities," in certain essential features of civilization and directed shafts at Massachusetts, which called to his feet my distinguished colleague at that time [Mr. Everett], and which more than once compelled me to take the floor. And now, sir, the venerable Senator, not rising from his seat and standing openly before the Senate, ventures to deny that he has dealt in such comparisons.

Mr. BUTLER. Will the Senator allow me?

Mr. SUMNER. Certainly; I yield the floor to the Senator.

Mr. BUTLER. Whenever that speech is read—and I wish the Senator had read it before he commented on it with a good deal of rhetorical enthusiasm—it will be found that I was particular not to wound the feelings of the Northern people who were sympathizing with us in the great movement to remove odious distinctions. I was careful to say nothing that would provoke invidious comparisons; and when that speech is read, notwithstanding the vehement assertion of the honourable Senator, he will find that when I quoted the laws of Massachusetts, particularly one act which I termed the *toties quoties* act, by which every negro was whipped every time he came into Massachusetts, I quoted them with a view to show not a contrast between South Carolina and Massachusetts, but to show that, in the whole of this country, from the beginning to this time—even in my own State, I made no exception—public opinion had undergone a change, and that it had undergone the same change in Massachusetts, for at one time they did not regard this institution of Slavery with the same odium that they do at this time. That was the purpose; and I challenge the Senator as an orator of fairness to look at it and see if it is not so.

Mr. SUMNER. Has the Senator done?

Mr. BUTLER. I may not be done presently; but that is the purport of that speech.

Mr. SUMNER. Will the Senator refer to his own speech? He now admits that under the guise of an argument, he did draw attention to what he evidently regarded an odious law of Massachusetts. And, sir, I did not forget that, in doing this, there was, at the time, an apology which ill-concealed the sting. But let that pass. The Senator is strangely oblivious of the statistical contrasts, which he borrowed from the speech of a member of the other house, and which, at his request were read by a Senator before him on this floor. The Senator, too, is strangely oblivious of yet another imputation, which at the very close of his speech, he shot as a Parthian arrow at Massachusetts. It is he, then, who is the offender. For myself, sir, I understand the sensibilities of Senators from slaveholding communities, and would not wound them by a superfluous word. Of Slavery I speak strongly, as I must; but thus far, even at the expense of my argument, I have avoided the contrasts, founded on details of figures and facts, which are so obvious between the free States and "slaveholding communities;" especially have I shunned all allusion to South Carolina. But the venerable Senator, to whose discretion that State has intrusted its interests here, will not allow me to be still.

God forbid that I should do injustice to South Carolina. I know well the gallantry of many of her sons. I know the response which she made to the appeal of Boston for union against the Stamp act—the fugitive slave act of that day—by the pen of Christopher Gadsden. And I remember with sorrow that this patriot was obliged to confess at the time her "her weakness in having such a number of slaves," though it is to his credit that he recognized Slavery as a "crime." (Bancroft's History of the United States, vol 5, p. 426) I have no pleasure in dwelling on the humiliations of South Carolina; I do not desire to expose her sores; I would not lay bare her nakedness. But the Senator, in his vaunt for "slaveholding communities," has made a claim for Slavery which is so inconsistent with history, and so derogatory to freedom that I cannot allow it to pass unanswered.

This, sir, is not the first time, even during my little experience here, that the same claim has been made on this floor; and this seems more astonishing because the archives of the country furnish such ample and undoubted materials for its refutation. The question of the comparative contributions of men by different States and sections of the country in the war of the Revolution, was brought forward as early as 1790, in the first Congress under the Constitution, in the animated and protracted debate on the assumption of State debts by the Union. On this occasion Fisher Ames, a Representative from Massachusetts, memorable for his classic eloquence, moved for a call on the War Department for the number of men furnished by each State to the revolutionary armies. This motion, though vehemently opposed, was carried by a small majority. Shortly afterwards the answer to the call was received from the Department, at that time under the charge of General Knox. This answer, which is one of the documents of our history, places beyond cavil or criticism the exact contribution in arms of each State. Here it is:

Statement of the number of troops and militia furnished by the several States, for the support of the Revolutionary war, from 1775 to 1783, inclusive.

	STATES.	Number of continental troops.	Number of militia.	Total number of militia and continental troops.	Conjectural estimate of militia.
Northern.	New Hampshire	12,496	2,093	14,598	3,700
	Massachusetts..	67,937	15,155	83,092	9,500
	Rhode Island....	5,908	4,284	10,192	1,500
	Connecticut....	32,039	7,792	39,831	3,000
	New York....	17,781	3,312	21,093	8,750
	Pennsylvania...	25,608	7,357	32,965	2,000
	New Jersey....	10,727	6,055	16,782	2,500
	Total.........	172,496	46,048	218,553	30,950
Southern.	Delaware......	2,387	376	2,763	1,000
	Maryland.......	13,912	5,464	19,376	4,000
	Virginia.........	26,672	4,163	30,835	21,880
	North Carolina.	7,263	2,716	9,969	12,000
	South Carolina.	5,508	-	5,508	28,000
	Georgia.......	2,679	-	2,679	9,930
	Total.........	58,421	12,719	71,130	76,810

It should be understood that, at this time, there was but little difference in numbers between the population of the southern States and that of the northern States By the census of 1790, the southern had a population of 1,956,354; the northern had a population of 1,968.455 But notwithstanding this comparative equality of population in the two sections, the North furnished vastly more men than the South.

Of continental troops, the southern States furnished 58,421; the northern furnished 172,496; making about three men furnished to the Continental Army by the northern States to one from the southern.

Of militia, whose services are authenticated by the War Office, the southern States furnished 12 719; the northern furnished 46,048; making nearly four men furnished to the militia by the northern States to one from the southern.

Of militia, whose services were not authenticated by the War Office, but are set down in the return as conjectural only, we have 76 810 furnished by the southern States, and 30,950 furnished by the northern; making, under this head, more than two men furnished by the southern to one from the northern. The chief services of the southern States, it will be observed with a smile, were *conjectural* only!

Looking, however, at the sum total of continental troops, authenticated militia, and conjectural militia, we have 147.940 furnished by the southern States, while 249.503 were furnished by the northern; making 100 000 men furnished to the war by the northern more than the southern.

But the disparity swells when we directly compare South Carolina and Massachusetts. Of continental troops, and authenticated militia, and conjectural militia, South Carolina furnished 33.508, while Massachusetts furnished 92.592; making in the latter sum total nearly three men for one furnished by South Carolina Look, however, at the continental troops, and the authenticated militia furnished by the two States, and here you will find only 5.508 furnished by South Carolina, while 83.092 were furnished by Massachusetts, *being sixteen times more than by South Carolina, and much more than by all the southern States together*. Here are facts and figures of which the Senator ought not to be ignorant.

Did the occasion require, I might go further, and minutely portray the imbecility of the southern States and particularly of South Carolina, in the war of the Revolution, as compared with the northern States This is a sad chapter of history, upon which I unwillingly dwell. Faithful annals record that, as early as 1778, the six South Carolina regiments, composing, with the Georgia regiment, the regular force of the southern department, did not in the whole muster above eight hundred men; nor was it possible to fill up their ranks. During the succeeding year, the Governor of South Carolina, pressed by the British forces, offered to stipulate the neutrality of his State during the war, leaving it to be decided at the peace to whom it should belong—a premonitory symptom of the secession proposed in our own day! At last, after the fatal field of Camden, no organized American force was left in this region. The three southern States—*animis opibusque parati*, according to the vaunt of the Senator—had not a single battalion in the field. During all this period the men of Massachusetts were serving their country, not at home, but away from their own borders; for, from the time of the Declaration of Independence, Massachusetts never saw the smoke of an enemy's camp.

At last, by the military genius and remarkable exertions of General Greene, a northern man, who assumed the command of the southern army, South Carolina was rescued from the British power. But the trials of this successful leader reveal, in a striking manner, the weakness of the "slaveholding" State which he saved Some of these are graphically presented in his letters. Writing to Governor Reed, of Pennsylvania, under date of 5th May, 1781, he says:

"Those whose true interest it was to have informed Congress and the people to the *northward* of the real state of things, have joined in the deception, and *magnified the strength and resources of this country infinitely above their ability*. Many of those who adhere to our party, are so fond of pleasure, that they cannot think of making the necessary sacrifices to support the Revolution. *There are many good and virtuous people to the southward; but they cannot animate the inhabitants in general, as you can to the northward.*"—*Gordon's History of American Revolution, Vol. 4, p. 87.*

Writing to Colonel Davies, under date of 23d May, 1781, he exposes the actual condition of the country:

"The animosity between the Whigs and Tories of this State renders their situation truly deplorable. There is not a day passes but there are more or less who fall a sacrifice to this savage disposition. The Whigs seem determined to extirpate the Tories, and the Tories the Whigs. Some thousands have fallen in this way in this quarter, and the evil rages with more violence than ever. If a stop cannot be soon put to these measures, the country will be depopulated in a few months more, as neither Whig nor Tory can live."

To Lafayette General Greene, under date of 29th December, 1780, describes the weakness of his troops:

"It is now within a few days of the time you mentioned of being with me. Were you to arrive, you would find a few ragged, half-starved troops in the wilderness, destitute of everything necessary for either the comfort or convenience of soldiers." * * * "The country is almost laid waste, and the inhabitants plunder one another with little less than savage fury. We live from hand to mouth, and have nothing to subsist on but what we collect with armed parties. In this situation, I believe you will agree with me, there is nothing inviting this way, especially when I assure you, our whole force fit for duty that are properly clothed and properly equipped does not amount to eight hundred men."—*Johnson's Life of Greene, vol. 1, p. 340.*

Writing to Mr. Varnum, a member of Congress, he says:

"There is a great spirit of enterprise prevailing among the militia of these southern States, especially with the volunteers. But their mode of going to war is so destructive, that it is the greatest folly in the world to trust the liberties of a people to such a precarious defence."—*Ibid, vol. 1, p. 397.*

Nothing can be more authentic or complete than this testimony. Here also is what is said by David Ramsay, an estimable citizen of South Carolina, in his history of the Revolution in that State, published in 1785, only a short time after the scenes which he describes:

"While the American soldiers lay encamped [in the low country near Charleston], their tattered rags were so completely worn out, that seven hundred of them were as naked as they were born, excepting a small strip of cloth about their waists, and they were nearly as destitute of meat as of clothing."—*Vol. 2, p. 258.*

The military weakness of the "slaveholding community" is too apparent. Learn now its occasion; and then join with me in amazement that a Senator from South Carolina should attribute our independence to anything "slaveholding." The records of the country, and various voices, all disown his suggestion. The State of South Carolina, by authentic history, disowns it. Listen, if you please, to peculiar and decisive testimony, under date of March 29, 1779, from the Secret Journal of the Continental Congress:

"The committee appointed to take into consideration the circumstances of the southern States, and the ways and means for *their* safety and defence, report that the State of South Carolina (as represented by the Delegates of the said State, and by Mr. Huger, who has come here at the request of the Governor of the said State, on purpose to explain the circumstances thereof) is UNABLE to make any effectual efforts with militia, by reason of the great proportion of citizens necessary to remain at home, to prevent insurrection among the negroes, and to prevent the desertion of them to the enemy. That the state of the country, and the great number of these people among them, expose the inhabitants to great danger, from the endeavours of the enemy to excite them to revolt or desert."—*Vol. 1, p. 105.*

Here is South Carolina secretly disclosing her military weakness and its occasion; thus disowning, in advance, the vaunt of her Senator, who finds strength and gratulation in Slavery rather than in Freedom. It was during the war that she thus shrived herself, on her knees, in the Continental Congress. But the same important admission was made in debate, on the floor of Congress, 30th March, 1790, some time after the war, by Mr. Burke, a Representative from South Carolina:

"There is not a gentleman on the floor who is a stranger to the feeble situation of our State, when we entered into the war to oppose the British power. We were not only without money, without an army or military stores, but were few in number, and likely to be entangled with our domestics, in case the enemy invaded us."—*Annals of Congress*, 1789, 1791, *vol. 2, page* 1484.

Similar testimony to the weakness engendered by Slavery was also borne by Mr. Madison, in debate in Congress:

"Every addition they [Georgia and South Carolina] receive to their number of slaves, tends to weaken them, and render them less capable of self-defence."—Annals of Congress, vol. 1, p. 340.

The historian of South Carolina, Dr. Ramsay, a contemporary observer of the very scenes which he describes, exposes this weakness:

"The forces under the command of General Provost marched through the richest settlements of the State, where are the fewest white inhabitants in proportion to the number of slaves. The hapless Africans, allured with the hope of freedom, forsook their owners, and repaired in great numbers to the Royal Army. They endeavour to recommend themselves to their new masters by discovering where their owners had concealed their property, and were assisting in carrying it off."—History of South Carolina, vol. 1, p. 312.

And the same candid historian, describing the invasion of the next year, says:

"The slaves a second time flocked to the British Army."—Vol. 1, p. 336.

And at a still later day, Mr. Justice Johnson, of the Supreme Court of the United States, and a citizen of South Carolina, in his elaborate life of General Greene, speaking of negro slaves, makes the same admission. He says:

"But the number dispersed through these [southern] States was very great; so great, as to render it impossible for the citizens to muster freemen enough to withstand the pressure of the British arms."—Vol. 2, p. 472.

Surely, sir, this is enough, and more. Thus from authentic documents, we learn the small contributions of men and the military weakness of the southern States, particularly of South Carolina, as compared with the northern States; and from the very lips of South Carolina, on four different occasions, speaking by a committee; by one of her Representatives in Congress; by her historian; and by an eminent citizen, we have the confession not only of weakness, but that this weakness was caused by Slavery. And yet, in the face of this cumulative and unimpeachable testimony, we are called to listen, in the American Senate, to a high-flying boast from a venerable Senator, that American independence was achieved by the arms and treasure of "slaveholding communities;" an assumption, baseless as the fabric of a vision, in any way it may be interpreted; whether as meaning boldly that independence was achieved by those southern States, which were the peculiar home of Slavery, or that it was achieved by any strength or influence which came from that noxious source. Sir, I speak here for a Commonwealth of just renown, but I speak also for a cause which is more than any Commonwealth, even that which I represent; and I cannot allow the Senator, with his silver-white locks, to discredit either. Not by Slavery, but in spite of it, was independence achieved. *Not because but notwithstanding*, there were "slaveholding communities," did triumph descend upon our arms. It was the inspiration of Liberty Universal that conducted us through the red sea of the Revolution, as it had already given to the Declaration of Independence its mighty tone, resounding through the ages. "Let it be remembered," said the nation, speaking by the voice of the Continental Congress, at the close of the war, "that it has ever been the pride and boast of America that the rights for which she has contended were THE RIGHTS OF HUMAN NATURE!" Yes, sir, in this behalf, and by this sign, we conquered

Such, sir, is my answer on this head to the Senator from South Carolina. If the work which I undertook has been done thoroughly, he must not blame me. Whatever I undertake, I am apt to do thoroughly. But while thus repelling the insinuations against Massachusetts, and the assumptions for Slavery, I would not unnecessarily touch the sensibilities of that Senator, or of the State which he represents I cannot forget that, amidst all diversities of opinion, we are bound together by the ties of a common country—that Massachusetts and South Carolina are sister States, and that the concord of sisters ought to prevail between them; but I am constrained to declare, that I have throughout this debate sought in vain any token of that just spirit which, within the sphere of its influence, is calculated to promote the concord alike of States and individuals.

And now, for the present, I part with the venerable Senator from South Carolina. In pursuing his inconsistencies, and in exposing them to judgment, I had almost forgotten his associate leader in the wanton personal assault to which I have been exposed—I mean the veteran Senator from Virginia, [Mr. Mason], who is now directly in my eye. With imperious look, and in the style of Sir Forcible Feeble, that Senator has undertaken to call in question my statement that the fugitive slave bill denied the writ of *habeas corpus*, and, in doing this, he has assumed a superiority for himself which, permit me to tell him now in this presence, nothing in him can sanction. Sir, I claim little for myself; but I shrink in no respect from any comparison with that Senator, veteran though he be. Sitting near him, as has been my fortune since I have been on this floor, I have come to know something of his conversation, something of his manners, something of his attainments, something of his abilities, something of his character—ay, sir, and something of *his* associations—and while I would not undertake to disparage him in any of these respects, yet I feel that I do not exalt myself unduly—that I do not claim too much for the position which I hold or the name which I have established when I openly declare that, as a Senator of Massachusetts, and as a man, I place myself at every point in comparison with that honourable assailant. And to his peremptory assertion that the fugitive slave bill does not deny the *habeas corpus*, I oppose my assertion, as peremptory as his own, that it does, and there I leave that question.

Mr President, I welcome the sensibility which the Senator from Virginia displays at the exposure of the fugitive slave bill in its true character. He is the author of that enormity. From his brain came forth the soulless monster. He is, therefore, its natural guardian The Senator is, I believe, a lawyer. And now, since he has shown a disposition to meet objections to that offspring, he must not stop with the objection founded on the denial of the *habeas corpus*. It is true, sir, if anything but Slavery were in question, such an objection would be fatal; but it is not to be supposed that the partisans of an institution founded on a denial of human rights, can appreciate the proper efficacy of that writ of freedom. Sir, I challenge the Senator to defend his progeny; not by assertion, but by reason. Let him rally all the ability, learning, and subtlety which he can command, and undertake the impossible work.

Let him answer this objection. The Constitution, by an amendment which Samuel Adams hailed as a protection against the encroachments of the National Government, and which Jefferson asserted was our "foundation corner-stone," has solemnly declared that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." Stronger words could not be employed to limit the powers under the Constitution, and to protect the people from all assumptions of the national Government particularly in derogation of freedom. By the Virginia resolutions of 1798, which the Senator is reputed to accept, this limitation of the powers of the national Government is recognized and enforced. The Senator himself is understood on all questions not affecting the claims of Slavery, to accept this rule in its utmost strictness Let him now indicate, if he can, any article, clause, phrase, or word in the Constitution, which gives to Congress any power to establish a "uniform law throughout the United States" on the subject of fugitive slaves. Let him now show, if he can, from the records of the Federal convention, one jot of evidence inclining to any such power. Whatever may be its interpretation in other respects, the clause on which this bill purports to be founded gives no such a power. Sir, nothing can come out of nothing; and the fugitive slave bill is, therefore, without any source or origin in the Constitution. It is an open and unmitigated usurpation.

And, sir, when the veteran Senator of Virginia has answered this objection; when he has been able to find in the Constitution a power which is not to be found, and to make us see what is not to be seen, then let him answer another objection. The Constitution has secured the inestimable right of trial by jury in "suits at common law," where the value in the controversy exceeds twenty dollars. Of course freedom is not susceptible of pecuniary valuation, therefore there can be no question that the claim for a fugitive slave is within this condition. In determining what is meant by "suits at common law," recourse must be had to the common law itself, precisely as we resort to that law in order to determine what is meant by trial by jury. Let the Senator, if he be a lawyer, now undertake to show that a claim for a fugitive slave is not, according to the early precedents and writs, well known to the framers of the Constitution, especially to Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and John Rutledge, of South Carolina, both of whom had studied law at the Temple, as a *suit at common law*, to which, under the solemn guaranty of the Constitution, is attached the trial by jury, as an inseparable incident. Let the Senator undertake to show this if he can.

And, sir, when the veteran Senator has found a power in the Constitution where none exists, and has set aside the right of trial by jury in a suit at common law, then let him answer yet another objection. By the judgment of the Supreme Court of the United States, a claim for a fugitive slave is declared to be a case, under the Constitution, within the judicial power; and this judgment of the Court is confirmed by common sense and common law. Let the Senator undertake to show, if he can, how such an exalted exercise of judicial power can be confided to a single petty magistrate, appointed not by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate, but by the court; holding his office, not during good behaviour, but merely during the will of the court; and receiving not a regular salary, but fees according to each individual case. Let the Senator answer this objection, if, in any way, by any twist of learning, logic, or law, he can.

Thus, sir, do I present the issue directly on this outrageous enactment. Let the author of the fugitive slave bill meet it. He will find me ready to follow him in argument, though I trust never to be led, even by his example, into any departure from those courtesies of debate which are essential to the harmony of every legislative body.

Such, Mr. President, is my response to all that has been said in this debate, so far as it concerns me. To the two associate chieftains in this personal assault, the veteran Senator from Virginia, and the Senator from South Carolina, with the silver white locks, I have replied completely. It is true that others have joined in the cry, which these associates first started; but I shall not be tempted farther. Some persons are best answered by silence; best answered by withholding the words which leap impulsively to the lips.

And now, turning my back upon these things, let me for one moment before I close, dwell on one aspect of this discussion which will render it memorable. On former occasions like this, the right of petition has been vehemently assailed, or practically denied. Only two

years ago memorials for the repeal of the fugitive slave bill, presented by me, were laid on your table, Mr. President, without reference to any committee. All is changed now. Senators have condemned the memorial and sounded the cry of "treason," "treason," in our ears; but thus far, throughout this excited debate, no person has so completely outraged the sprit of our institutions, or forgotten himself, as to persist in objecting to the reception of the memorial, and its proper reference. It is true the remonstrants have been treated with indignity; but the great right of petition—the sword and buckler of the citizen—though discredited by such conduct, has not been denied. Here, sir, is a triumph of freedom.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to Sydney Howard Gay, New York.

Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to Francis Jackson, Treasurer, at Boston; or to Sydney Howard Gay, New York.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1854.

Mr. Sumner's Speech, which we were anxious to publish at the earliest moment, has excluded from the present number some things for which we desired to find room, and which we postpone with no little reluctance. If, on this account, our columns do not present their usual variety, our *new* readers will not, we trust, be displeased. We commend the speech to their earnest attention. The *Standard's* opinion upon the principal point discussed therein will be found in the article upon "Anti-Slavery Politics."

TO OUR NEW READERS.

The present number of The Standard goes to all the late readers of The Pennsylvania Freeman, and we very much regret that our first word to them must be one of apology. They have been led to expect that the *Standard* would be, at this time, improved upon its former aspect, and would come to them bearing unmistakable marks of gain in character and ability. That expectation, we confidently hope, will be realised in the course of a week or two, but the impending change requires the settlement of so many details, and the getting into gear of so much new machinery, that the time, unfortunately, has proved too short to complete all these arrangements for the present number. The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, however, met on the 5th instant, and though that was too late to show the result of its deliberations in this week's paper, it is in season to enable us to act upon them in the coming number. In the meantime we present to our new readers this sheet as a specimen of what we are and have been; they will be the better able to see by the contrast we hope soon to show them how much more worthy we mean to be of their distinguished regard and consideration. Upon this assurance we cry their patience.

ANTI-SLAVERY POLITICS.

There seems to have been a very general feeling of pleasure among decent men of all parties at the North, excluding only the sordid wretches in each whose instincts lead them to lick the hand of a slaveholder, and to fix their fangs in the haunches of a flying slave—with such exceptions, there appears to have been a unanimous satisfaction at the way in which Mr. Sumner defended himself from the attacks of the man-stealing Senators upon him. It was done with becoming spirit, dignity, self-command and rhetorical force, and was altogther the most satisfying thing Mr. Sumner has done yet, as a public man. His turning the tables upon South Carolina was unanswerable (which Mr. Butler as good as admitted), and showed that the Slaveholders had a monstrous beam to take out of their own eyes before they had any claim to operate on the mote in those of Massachusetts. He certainly demonstrated that where individual citizens of Massachusetts had attempted (alas, in vain!) to make a small crack in the U. S. Constitution, South Carolina and other Southern States had smashed it all in pieces, and that by solemn enactments and organised political action. Massachusetts, to her shame be it spoken, has never yet deserved to be put alongside of South Carolina and Louisiana in her maintenance of her State Rights against the encroachments of the General Government. Excepting the Rescue of Shadrach and the attempt at that of Burns (the only brave and spirited actions in her history since the Revolution), she has little to boast of. Her Legislatures, Governors, Judges, Mayors, Militia-men, all, have done their best to ward off the abuse that has been heaped upon her—and certainly all of them have shown as much 'alacrity' in negro-catching as Mr. Webster himself could desire. What would our Sovereign Lords have more? Has not the Emancipation of Shadrach been expiated by the Enslavement of Sims and of Burns? Is it not enough that we are at their feet?

"Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown;
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives, your own!"

But at the same time that we admit the advantage Mr. Sumner had over his adversaries in the temper, spirit and ability with which he stood his ground against them, we must say that we think that the substantial advantage in the argument was on their side. Their manner of putting the question to him, directly and indirectly, was as impertinent as it well could be; but its substance was entirely pertinent and pat to the purpose. We think that Mr. Butler's question as to whether Massachusetts would execute the Constitutional requirements and return absconding slaves was a very reasonable one, and that it was not precisely met by Mr. Sumner's indignant disavowal of the possibility of his doing such a thing in person. If we understood Mr. Sumner's Speech against the Fugitive Law, it took Calhoun's State Rights ground that the Fugitive Clause was a Compact to be provided for by the several States and not by Congress. On this ground, we believe, Mr. Butler voted against the Bill. It was therefore a very material question on his part to ascertain whether or not Massachusetts were willing to pass the laws necessary to the fulfilment of this treaty with the other States, if this law of Congress should be repealed. In his main speech, Mr. Sumner only undertook to say that Massachusetts would be ready, as she always had been, to execute the requirements of the Constitution as she understood them. Now, this is the very *gist* of the whole matter. What does Massachusetts hold to be the requirements of the Constitution? What does Mr. Sumner hold them to be? His personal repugnance to doing a certain office would not necessarily imply that he was not willing to employ somebody else to do it. Many a man may believe in capital punishment, and appoint by law in what cases it is to be inflicted, who yet would shrink from assisting at an execution. But we might infer from his reply to Mr. Toucey's question that Mr. Sumner himself does not admit that the Constitution does provide for the rendition of fugitives. We have never known him to take this ground before. And it is possible, now, that the report of what he said is imperfect. We rather incline to the opinion that he meant that there is nothing in the Constitution to oblige a man in his private capacity to take part in such a rendition. Though we hold ourselves that no law is fit to be made which is not fit to be executed by every honest man within its jurisdiction. And we apprehend that this would be no bad test of the morality of laws.

We think, however, untenable as we believe such a construction of the Constitution is, that it is much more easy to maintain than the political ethics of Mr. Sumner's Speech. It is convenient, indeed, to take the position that every man may construe the Constitution for himself, and obey just as much as squares with his notions of right and wrong. But it is quite as convenient for South Carolina as for Massachusetts, and may be used to defend the conduct of the former towards Mr. Hoar and our coloured seamen quite as effectually as any possible (but, we fear, not probable) legislation of the latter in the direction of self-respect and self-protection. Such a doctrine, whether Slaveholding Senators will openly contradict it or not, is a simple abrogation of the Constitution. A law that has no definite meaning, which can be ascertained and pronounced by some competent authority, is no law at all. A Government established under a Constitution which every State and every man can read in different senses and apply in perfectly opposite directions, is no Government at all, but a simple anarchy. The slave clauses in the Constitution mean something, and we conceive that the intentions of the men that made them, and the unbroken line of decisions of all judicial tribunals, to say nothing of the all but unanimous consent of the inhabitants, from the beginning, settle the question as to what they mean. It is arguing the Nose off the face of the Constitution to deny it. It is so patent to most men that it requires all the personal confidence they can feel in the honesty of the minds that hold the contrary to believe in their sincerity. We know that there are some of the best men and truest Abolitionists who hold this doctrine, but we can hardly wonder at their being regarded with distrust and contempt by those who have no affection for their persons and no sympathy with their opinions. We must say, that we think the position into which Mr. Sumner was driven, or which he voluntarily took up, entirely untenable, and that the Slaveholders had as much the better in the essence of the argument as he had in the temper, spirit, courtesy and rhetorical ability with which he presented his side of it.

We hope, and partly believe, that the time has come for Anti-Slavery to be an integral element of National Politics. Slavery has been so long enough—not an integral element, but the single *integer* of them. But we trust that no part of the energies of Anti-Slavery politicians is to be expended in the vain attempt to prove that the Constitution means anything other than it is generally believed to mean. It will be labour in vain and strength spent for nought. It is useless to take any line of action which is not substantially, if not formally, revolutionary. Let the object of Northern politics be to change the laws of the States so as to put the North on a par with the South as to the practical operation of the Constitution. Let it be done without any quibbling or word-catching. South Carolina nullifies that part of the Constitution securing the rights of citizenship to citizens of each State in every other, and sells the free citizens of Massachusetts in the market as slaves. Let Massachusetts nullify the part requiring the extradition of slaves. Let her elect a Legislature that will pass laws protecting every man upon her soil, and punishing as felons every man, by whatever name called, Judge, Commissioner, Marshal or Mayor, who shall interfere with the liberty of any man within her peace, and a Governor that will dare to execute her laws instead of flattering over their cups the men who broke them, and the whole matter will be settled. Anti-Slavery Politics, to have any effectual virtue, must start by trampling the U. S. Constitution under foot. Nullification for Liberty is wanted to counterbalance Nullification for Slavery. Let this be done openly and aboveboard, acknowledging (or not, as the individual opinion may be) that the Constitution requires the restoration of slaves; but stating, definitely and unequivocally, that so much of the Constitution, if it exist, is to be annulled and made of no effect. As soon as any State is ready to present itself in an attitude of resistance to the General Government, and there will be no attempt at coercion. Uncle Sam is a great bully; but, like other bullies, he is a great coward and easily put down by a little resolution.

Anti-Slavery Politics, to be made effectual, must aim at the vindication of State Rights. The objects of an Anti-Slavery Party should be confined chiefly to the purification of the States from all participation in Slavery. And we believe the people are much more in a state of preparation for such a movement than the politicians imagine. We cannot imagine that any man who is now willing to take an oath to support the U. S. Constitution, when determined never to do anything towards the execution of these destestable clauses, could have any scruple about taking an oath to support, with the fixed purpose of making it nugatory by law. And, of course, they who believe that there is no Slavery at all wrapped up in the Constitution can have no difficulty about it. Let a distinct platform of principles and schedule of purposes be promulgated, stating that men who are voted for are to make certain laws, as above suggested, whether the Constitution allows them or not, and who are to execute them in the face of the whole U. S. Government, if necessary, and it is our belief that such a party would soon grow up to power. As soon as it was ripe for power, there would be no lack of Governors to execute, nor of Judges to rule the Constitutionality of such laws. Such a state of things would effectually prevent any attempt to execute the Fugitive Law in any State where it existed—just as no attempts are now made to protect our coloured seamen in Charleston and New Orleans. If the Slave States choose to separate from us on this quarrel, they will be free to do so. Only they won't. There is no hope of it. Not that it is true, as Senator Rockwell said, at the sneaking end of a Speech that promised better things, that Disunion is impossible. It is only impossible that the Slave States should ever dissolve, for the same reason that the Pope cannot dissolve his Glorious Union with Louis Napoleon's troops, or the Town Paupers theirs with the Overseers of the Poor. But a Northern Senator should blush to tell the Slaveholders that there is no extent to which they can push their Annexations and Aggressions than can rouse the North to the point of Revolution. It may be so; but a Northern man should be ashamed to tell of it.

We have thus pointed out a mode of political action which is at once practical and the nearest the absolute Right that is likely to be pursued. Of course, we wish that the Northern States, or any one of them, would pronounce the Union dissolved and set about framing a more perfect form of Government. That is the highest idea—the most direct and imperative duty. Then we could have an honourable government, growing directly out of the American and natural doctrine of the Right of Revolution, with no necessity for going round or going over oaths and obligations. Then we could have the satisfaction of demanding our citizens of their Southern kidnappers, at the mouth of Northern cannon, instead of submitting to it like whipped blood-hounds. But we will accept the lower policy, if the higher is beyond the reach of our people. And we hope to see Mr. Sumner engaged in the agitation for such an assertion of the Rights of the Separate States. We think he will find it easier work than arguing the seal off the National Bond for the pound of Slave's Flesh, at Washington. The people will be much sooner persuaded to put their heel on the Slave Clauses than to believe that they have no existence. The slaveholders will always have the best of the argument about the Constitutional Guarantees of Slavery (because, as we and nearly the entire nation believe, they have the right of it); but it rests with the people in every Northern State to say which shall have the best of the struggle to carry them out into action.

E. Q.

Revival of the Slave Trade.—The Charleston (S. C.) *Standard* comes out boldly in favour of a repeal of the laws prohibiting the importation of slaves from Africa. Here is its argument:

To practice Slavery and yet suppress the slave trade—to contend that Slavery is of advantage to the races which concur in its existence, and yet resist the efforts by which the advantage is extended—to urge that the Union of unequal races is necessary to the progress of human society, and yet resist the means by which that union is effected, is a contradiction which human ingenuity can never reconcile; and yet to such a contradiction the Southern section of this coutnry is compelled in every effort which looks to the discountenance and discouragement of the traffic with the coast of Africa by which the limits of this institution are extended.

That there is no moral wrong in Slavery is the assumption which lies at the very base of that institution. It is the principle upon which we justify its practice. It is the principle we establish when we show that both races are better under the influence of this institution than they are without, and, in fact, the intelligent mind of the South is fast approaching the conclusion that Slavery—the union of unequal races in the constitution of an unequal system—is the normal condition of human society. It is fast becoming the belief that to advance, society must be composed of two classes—the one to direct, and the other to labour—and that to the permanence of society in positions of advancement, there must be a division in its numbers; and not that division simply which springs from the necessities of the case, where one part is held above its natural position by the accident of wealth, where the other is depressed below its natural level by the accident of its absence—but a division which is natural, and which necessarily results from the inequality between the races which are brought together. In this belief we heartily concur.

The benefits and advantages which so far have resulted from this institution, we take as lights to guide us to the brighter truths of its future history. No nation on earth has been so favoured as have been the people of these Southern States. None has increased in wealth and numbers—none has been so free from domestic broils and civil commotion. In none has the labouring class been so happy and so free from physical suffering, and in none, between the higher and lower classes of society, has there been so much of kind feeling and so much of mutual solicitude and dependence. To bask in the brightening beams of such an institution, to defend it, to praise it and pray for its continuance, and yet contribute ships and soldiers to prevent its extension and its spread to others than ourselves, is scarcely defensible upon any reasonable principle of human action.

If the Union continues (as it can do upon no other condition than the utter degradation of the North), the scheme thus foreshadowed will be effected in due time. What is to hinder?

THE MAN OF EXPEDIENCY AND THE MAN OF PRINCIPLE.

Our readers will remember the letter which appeared in the *Standard* of the 17th ult., addressed to the President of the North of England Anti-Slavery Association, by Joseph Mazzini, the expatriated leader of the Republicans of Italy, wherein that noble, clear-sighted advocate of Universal Liberty avowed his hearty sympathy with the Abolitionists in their struggles for the overthrow of chattel bondage. That letter, full of the inspiration of freedom, disturbed not a little the man who, in the capacity of American Consul, represents our slave-driving Democracy in the British metropolis. So apprehensive was he lest the influence of Mazzini should strengthen the anti-slavery party in the United States, that, in the absence of that devoted friend of Universal Liberty, he made an appeal to Kossuth and the other Representatives of European Republicanism in London, begging them to furnish an "explanation," which, being promptly sent to America, might serve to assure the slaveholders that the advocates of Liberty in the Old World indulged in no fanatical sentiments in respect to the "peculiar institution," and cherished no purpose of interfering with the privilege, always exercised by American Democrats, of "larruping their own negroes." The letter of the vigilant Consul and the answer of Kossuth will be found in their appropriate place on the first page. The correspondence is a scandal upon the cause of European Liberty, an impertinence bordering upon insult to Mazzini, and a disgrace to both the parties concerned therein. It more than justifies all that the Abolitionists of the United States have ever said of Kossuth, proving him to be only a Man of Expediency, a political trimmer, ready to sacrifice the dearest rights of millions of men in America in order to secure the political enfranchisement of his native land. This may be patriotism, according to the popular standard; it may be statesmanship as that word is generally understood; but these are only other names for injustice, selfishness, and cruelty. Kossuth, if he had been a true friend of Liberty, would have regarded the letter of Sanders as an insult alike to his understanding and his heart, and scorned to write a word which could be understood, even by implication, as an approval of its objects. The very fact that he recognised Sanders, the abject tool of the Slave Power, as a friend of European Liberty, is of itself a proof either of mental and moral blindness on his part, or of deliberate treachery to the cause he professes to serve. His avowal of a determination to regard the American people, Slaveholders not excepted, as *one "undivided body of sincere Republicans,"* and to recognise "no division amongst them," exhibits the folly of a blind theorist, not the wisdom of the statesman, still less the clear moral perception of the Christian.

Kossuth seeks to blunt the force of Mazzini's eloquent testimony against Slavery by the gratuitous intimation that his letter is an old one, having no reference to the present agitation in the United States. Now it is our belief not only that the letter is *not* an old one, but that it was written by Mazzini with the knowledge that the Society to which it was addressed, and whose principles it so warmly commends, had been formed with the distinct and avowed purpose of concentrating British influence against American Slavery. Be that, however, as it may, the letter is so noble in its sentiments and presents so marked a contrast to the truckling epistle of the Hungarian, that we cannot resist the temptation to reproduce it. Behold the difference between the Man of Expediency and the Man of Principle!

Dear Sir:—I have delayed to the present moment answering your kind invitation, in the hope that I should perhaps be enabled to give a better answer than a written one. But finding that neither health nor business will allow me to attend, I must write and express to you, and through you to your friends, how much I feel grateful for your having asked me to attend the first meeting of "the North of England Anti-Slavery Association"; how earnestly I sympathize with the noble aim you are going to pursue; how deeply I shall commune with your efforts, and help, if I can, their success. No man ought ever to inscribe on his flag the sacred word "Liberty" who is not prepared to shake hands cordially with those, whoever they are, who will attach their names to the Constitution of your Association. Liberty must be the godlike gift of all races—all nations—of every being who bears on his brow the stamp of Man, or sink to the level of a narrow and mean self-interest, unworthy of the tears of the good and the blood of the brave. I am yours because I believe in the unity of God—yours because I believe in the unity of mankind—yours because I believe in the educability of the whole human race, and in a heavenly law of Infinite Progression for all—yours because the fulfilment of this law implies the consciousness and the responsibility of the agent, and neither consciousness nor responsibility can exist in Slavery—yours because I have devoted my life to the emancipation of my own country, and I would feel unequal to the task, a mere rebel, not an Apostle of Truth and Justice, had I not felt from my earliest youth that Right and Duty of revolting against lies and tyranny were grounded on a far higher sphere than that of the welfare of one single nation; that they must start from a belief in a Principle which will have sooner or later to be universally applied—*One God, one Humanity, one Law, one Love from all for all.* Blessed be your efforts if they start from this high ground of a common faith—if you do not forget whilst at work for the emancipation of the black man, the millions of white slaves suffering, struggling, expiring in Italy, in Poland, in Hungary, throughout all Europe—if you always remember that freemen only can achieve the work of freedom, and that Europe's appeal for the abolition of Slavery in other lands will not weigh all-powerful before God and men, while Europe herself shall be desecrated by arbitrary, tyranical power by Czars, Emperors and Popes.

Ever faithfully yours,
Joseph Mazzini.

As a further illustration of the difference between a dextrous politician and a man of enlarged views and generous principles, and to convince both Gov. Kossuth and Consul Sanders, as well as the Slaveholders of the United States, that Mazzini means all that his words imply, we republish the following extracts of a letter written by him, only one year ago, to an Englishman who was about to visit the United States.

My Dear Friend: You go to the United States. You will see Lucretia Mott, Garrison and others, who, like them, are engaged in the noble task of promoting the abolition of Slavery throughout America. Will you shake hands with them for me, too, and tell them how much I do sympathize with their aim and efforts? Theirs is a noble task: let them pursue it, as old Goethe said, "without haste and without rest," with calmness and constancy, as befits a noble cause—with clement love toward *men*, and unbending adhesion to principles, as befits noble souls: and let them be blessed for all they will achieve or purpose, by all true worshippers of God and Liberty, to whatever land they belong.

And let them never forget that which makes their struggle a sacred one is, that they fight not for an interest, but for a principle; that the principle is a general one, embracing *all* creatures stamped with the image of God, and blessed with aspirations toward an ideal of truth and goodness; that white Slavery is a sin in the eyes of God, and ought to be in the eyes of men, as negro Slavery; and that while we deeply and openly sympathize with all efforts tending to the emancipation of the latter, they ought to deeply and openly sympathize with us, engaged as we are in a perilous and equally sacred struggle for the emancipation of those millions of white Italians, and other slaves whose voice would be a powerful protest in favour of Abolitionism, were they not deprived of liberty, free utterance of their thoughts, right of associating, self-education and everything that has been decreed by God for man.

Let them think that the causes for which we struggle and bleed are one single cause, not only in principle, but in the means of success. Let them, whenever circumstances allow, lift their voice in defence of oppressed nations in Europe, and help them. Our problem must have a universal solution, or it will have none. The case of the Austrian corporal must fall together with the whip of the planter, or neither will. We are the sections, the regiments of one army; we may be entrusted, by the circumstances under which, or the land in which we live, with distinct operations; but the same banner ought to spread over us all; and we ought, from time to time, to commune on the same ground.

Tell your friends these things; and remind them that Europe, once free, would not leave them alone in the struggle. Twenty-four millions of emancipated Italians would be twenty-four millions of Abolitionists, tendering support to their American brothers.

Joseph Mazzini.

FANEUIL HALL.... For The Standard.

Come up, my sturdy brothers, from the college and the forge!
Come up as came your forefathers to blunt the tools of George!
Swifter, easier than their cart-horses, from Berkshire's summits far
And the shores of sandy Plymouth, flies for you the panting car.
Leave your half-bought stock uncheapened, and unsold your slaughtered flock;
And quench the match just lighted in the gray old granite rock.
Leave the wondering cod unbaited in the waters blue and still,
And hither steer your dories by the shaft of Bunker Hill.
Where Lexington's moist clover twinkles in the morning light,
And Dorchester's gay butter-cups dance on her storied height,
Let your plough stick in the furrow, smoke your haycocks in the sun.
Here are fetters to unrivet; Freedom's work is to be done.
With eager and with gallant hearts obey the welcome call,
For a suppliant cowers trembling 'neath the eaves of Faneuil Hall.

Rejoice, then, trembling stranger! Were hell-hounds on thy track,
Ne'er from these sacred precincts had they power to drag thee back.
Our three-hilled city owns no rule save that of equal laws;
Approach her grand tribunal, and plead manfully thy cause.
What! Why? Condemn the guiltless? Away with all your fears!
He asks but justice. Try him by a jury of his peers.
There is no room for them; the court with Slavery's slaves is filled.
Are you mad? Speak low! Look round you. Be your reckless brawlings stilled!
For the shadows and the footsteps of foreign soldiers fall
On shackled Justice' threshold, in the shade of Faneuil Hall.

Rejoice thee yet, thou fugitive! Behold these freeborn bands.
The swords of patriot ancestors are glittering in their hands;
And heroes' blood, that throbbed of yore for freedom and the right,
Swells in their veins; and tyrants must fly harmless at the sight,
And leave thee free as heaven's own air, around yon hallowed wall.
In Freedom's oracles of yore breathed forth in Faneuil Hall.

Hope not in them, poor fellow-slave! Their aid is not for thee.
The steel they bear is chains they wear, the chains of Tyranny.
Sneak off, ye shameless sycophants, into your grandsires' graves.
Their clapboard ribs, if empty now, ne'er held the hearts of slaves.
Send back their bare dry bones to fill their desecrated place,
Better than all the pampered flesh of their degenerate race.
Go, with your snorings wake them from their rest well-earned and deep;
For Liberty's old cradle has rocked all her young to sleep.
Oh, monument of Glory dead, to shapeless ruin fall,
Nor taunt us with thy memories, polluted Faneuil Hall!

Farewell, New England's cuckoo brood, the brood of Sloth and Gold.
New England's true-born sons, prepare! Her cobwebbed flags unfold.
Oh, God of peace, unheard too long, with changing mien art Thou,
The awful God of battles, our only helper now?
Leap forth, then, clad with lightings, from the black and bellowing cloud;
With thy forgotten thunders astound the craven crowd!
Our lives, our youth, our manhood we immolate to Thee.
Take all, dread God, but save our sons our birthright liberty.
As the seed of better ages our martyred forms shall fall;
Our names shall be the household words, for aye, of Faneuil Hall.

In thine unerring balance our doubtful counsels weigh
For peace or strife, O God of peace, this dark and evil day.
Be Thou our light and leader. Prompt Thou our unknown parts.
We are men, and blind and erring, but with brave and loving hearts.
Choose Thou the way. We follow through the green or crimson path,
Through the lanes of Peace and Plenty, or the fire-sown road of Wrath.
As Freedom's champions let us live, her guiltless champions die,
And in our blest and honoured graves in happy slumbers lie,
Where, through the stillness e'en of death, 'twill reach our half-roused ear
When Freedom's voice is raised once more, and shouting freemen hear,
As he who to her portal fled, a fearful chattel thrall,
Hangs up his shattered fetters o'er the gates of Faneuil Hall.

Boston, May 28th, 1854.

ANOTHER ANTI-SLAVERY WORK.

The Master's House; a Tale of Southern Life. By Logan. 12 mo. pp. 391. T. L. McElrath & Co.

The author of Uncle Tom's Cabin inaugurated a new era in the progress of American liberature, in that, by a bold and successful example, she brought a living but long proscribed question within the acknowledged domain of the novelist, setting free a multitude of pens that had long been the slaves of a public sentiment misled and perverted by selfishness and prejudice. The fruits of that example are already beginning to appear in the issue of other works depicting with greater or less fidelity the evil workings of Slavery upon all who come under its influence. As a *story*, "*The Master's House*" is inferior to Mrs. Stowe's great work, but as a picture, or, rather, a series of pictures of Southern Life, with primary reference to the influence of Slavery upon the whites rather than the blacks, it is marked by a startling accuracy and boldness of delineation. The writer does not often obtrude his own opinions; he merely describes what he has seen and heard, and what every one will recognise as incidents and events of ordinary occurrence in the slave States, careless, apparently, of the effect upon the reader. His descriptions involve enough of the tragic to fix the attention and keep alive the sympathies of the reader, while they bring out the features of Slavery so distinctly and fairly that the slaveholder himself can have no reasonable ground for complaint. For an illustration of the author's method and of the general tone and spirit of the work, we refer to the extracts on the first page, wherein we are presented with a specimen of Southern preaching and its effects upon those who "trade in slaves and souls of men."

We heartily commend the work as one whose general circulation would do much to promote just views of the slave system and thereby hasten the day of our country's deliverance from its greatest crime and curse. It may be had at this office, price $1. 25.

POLITICS.

Reports are in circulation to the effect that certain Whigs and whilom Democrats are about to start a paper to support Millard Fillmore for next President!

—— The Whig and Free Soil parties in Chittenden County, Vermont, have united heartily on a platform which makes resistance to the encroachments of Slavery paramount to all other questions.

—— In Missouri, says a correspondent of the *Evening Post*, the reaction from the support of the Nebraska bill is going on rapidly. The Whig representatives who supported it are trembling at the reproaches of the old party of Henry Clay, who will not allow themselves to be Douglasised. The Edward Bates wing of the Whig party revolt at all the nullification dogmas. The Whig candidate from the St. Louis District for the next Congress, who was universally recognised, until lately, as an Albuquerque and Atchison Whig, has been sitting in sack cloth and ashes, and begging the favour of King "Edward" and his court. Staunch old Henry Clay Whigs have sworn to him in the streets of St. Louis with an oath, that if he takes the Nebraska chute they will vote sure for old Bullion. Others will vote for Old Bullion anyhow, because he is above suspicion.

PERSONAL.

Samuel R. Ward, who has been in England for some time past, labouring as an Agent of the Canada Anti-Slavery Society, is expected home early in September.

—— Frederick Douglass was the principal speaker at the recent anniversary of the Canada Anti-Slavery Society, in Toronto. The *Provincial Freeman* says his oratory did not answer the public expectation.

——Thomas Ritchie, for a long time editor of the *Richmond Enquirer*, and, during Polk's administration, editor of the Washington *Union*, died in the latter place on Monday last.

—— Mrs. Emma R. Coe, of Buffalo, is at present in New England, giving lectures on Slavery and Woman's Rights. A correspondent of the *Liberator* speaks of her labours in Manchester, N. H., as timely and influential.

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

Philadelphia, July 1, 1854.

The plan for the union of the *Pennsylvania Freeman* with the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, you are aware, involved the appointment of a Philadelphia Correspondent, whose business it should be, by letter or otherwise—or rather by letter *and* otherwise—to keep you apprised of every thing transpiring within his purview, likely to be of particular interest to your readers in Pennsylvania. This appointment, I am sorry to say, has devolved upon your humble servant. Not that I am insensible to the honour implied in it; quite the contrary; but I have an unpleasant sense of my own incompetency to the task it involves. The office should be held by one qualified to help sustain the high character by which this department of your paper has been so long and so justly distinguished. My letters, meagre and mere matter of fact as they must inevitably be, will form a contrast with those of your accomplished Boston Correspondent, to say nothing of the occasional—lately, I am sorry to say, only semi-occasional—contributions of your friend in Dublin, that will be anything but flattering to myself or grateful to your readers. However, I do not mean to give myself any unnecessary trouble on this head, nor to be needlessly apolojetic. I shall do the best I can, and if your readers are willing to accept honesty of intention in lieu of grace of execution, I shall be content and they will have no reason to be dissatisfied. Having said this much by way of introduction—one must say something, you know, and what more natural than to say the thing that is uppermost in one's heart?—I am now ready to proceed to business.

The Cause in Pennsylvania, as from your Observatorial position you will have noticed, is in quite a prosperous condition. The people of this Commonwealth are of the kind, you know, that make haste slowly. They are not easily moved, but the annoyance of the slaveholders and the corruption of their Northern accomplices have reached a pitch that is too much for even Pennsylvania patience, and the prospect now is that there will be a demonstration of this soon, that to those in power will be anything but agreeable. A little while ago, Governor Bigler, the man who signalized his induction into office by the release of that Barrabbas, Alberti, seemed to be firmly fixed in his seat, with a fair prospect of remaining there another gubernatorial term; but the prospects have changed, and now he is considered to hold his place by a not even uncertain tenure. The elements are gathering in the political horizon for a storm that is to hurl him from his position, and to put the power which he and his associates have so shamelessly perverted into the hands of others, who, it is hoped, will make a better use of it. A foreshadowing of this has been seen in our recent municipal election in this city. The Anti-Nebraska ticket was elected by an overwhelmning majority; a proper rebuke, as it was intended be be, to the party and the men who had conspired with the South for the betrayal of Liberty. The same elements are at work in the preparations that are now going on for the State contest in October, and if nothing unforeseen turns up to change the position of parties, a similar result will ensue. The pro-slavery Bigler Dynasty will be at an end, and the Slavery Propogandists at our National Capital will be without their usual aid from the Sham Democracy at Harrisburg. So mote it be.

Judge Pollock, the Whig candidate for Governor, is, from all accounts, as good a man as any one can be who would accept and be accepted for the position to which he has been chosen. His character in private life is without reproach, and publicly he is among the best of his party. In Congress he was considered an Anti-Slavery man, and while there he and Mr. Giddings were associates and mutual friends. It is a question at this time among the "Independent Democrats" whether they shall give him their support or cast their votes for David Potts, Jr., their own nominee. Mr. Potts, it is nothing more than candour to say, is a most estimable gentleman and a true Abolitionist; one who only consents to occupy the place he does, from a sense, whether mistaken or not, of duty to the cause. He would gladly consent, we understand, to transfer all his influence and interest to the support of Judge Pollock, if that gentleman would take a position before the public to make it consistently possible. Indeed, this seems to be the feeling among the Anti-Slavery voters of the State generally, whether "Independent Democrats or not"; they are anxious to concentrate their votes on the Whig candidate, and all they want is that he should place himself in such an attitude before the people on the Slavery question as to make it practicable for them to do so with consistency and a proper self-respect. If, they say, he will go the full length of the Constitution against the Slave Power, as a power; and will scout as he ought to do, both as a matter of duty and policy, the base and insane pledge of his party contained in the "Baltimore Platform" to set its face against the discussion of the Slave Question—a subject which of all others at this time most imperiously demands discussion—they will cheerfully sustain him and do all they can for his election. For my own part, I have no doubt if Judge Pollock should take reasonably Anti-Slavery ground, that he will gather around him the liberal and independent voters of all parties, and will be elected by an overwhelming and unprecedented majority. He, himself, is quite disposed, I understand, to do all in this way that the exigency requires, but it is not quite certain that in doing so he would be sustained by the leaders of his party. Pennsylvania Whigs, it is well known, can't see further in matters of policy than the end of their noses, and the measures which they adopt for success, it is notorious, are almost certain to be the ones best adapted to ensure their defeat. They are never up to the times. Without meaning to pander to the vices of the people, they have not faith in their virtue; consequently they neither command the confidence of the good nor enjoy the reliance of the bad. It is only in great emergencies, when their more sagacious and better disciplined opponents have abused their privileges beyond the possibility of further toleration, that they have any chance of electing their ticket. Such an emergency has now happened, and nothing but the most consummate stupidity—a stupidity that only Pennsylvania Whigs could be equal to—can prevent their triumphant success.

I am no politician, as you know, though I may seem to talk like one. I don't vote, nor do I urge others to vote; I believe there is another and a better way. Nevertheless, I take great interest in politics, as I do in everything else affecting the question of human freedom. Anything less than this would be inconsistent with the duty of a professed Abolitionist. But my idea is that we should not only take an interest, but that it is our duty to take a part in politics. Not to vote; that would be to forswear ourselves; but to speak our minds fully and freely in regard to all measures and men that are presented to the people for their support and adoption. Parties and candidates, and the action of parties and candidates, should receive from us the fullest scrutiny and should be subjects of the freest discussion. Their merits and demerits, positive, comparative and superlative—of the last there will be the most—should be subjected to the severest examination, and the people should be taught, as far as we have it in our power to teach them, to exercise a wise discrimination, and in all such cases to bestow or withhold the marks of their approval with proper judgment.

With this expression of sentiment as to the political duties of non-political Abolitionists, I bring my remarks to a close. I didn't expect in my first letter to do more than break the ice—if such a figure is allowable this sweltering weather—and to introduce myself to your readers. This is now done, and hereafter I shall have plain sailing. Next week, if occurrences favour, I hope to have something for you that will be more interesting.

Yours, truly. M. M. K.

☞ PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.—The Kennett Quarterly Meeting of Progressive Friends have agreed hereafter to hold said meetings on the first Seventh Day in the Third, Sixth, Ninth and Twelfth months, at eleven o'clock. The next meeting will therefore occur in the Ninth month.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS, &c. from June 1 to July 1, 1854.

FOR STANDARD.

782	Russell Hubbard, Rushford, New York,	$2 00
756	Wm. Henry, Farmersville, "	1 00
756	David Carpenter, "	1 00
756	Daniel McKinley, Franklinville, "	1 00
780	Jane Turner, Bridgewater, "	2 00
756	J. M. Frost, Indianapolis, Ind.,	1 00
728	Richard Willetts, Babylon, L. I.,	2 00
765	Samuel Underhill, N. Y. City,	2 00
156	Samuel Thompson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.,	1 00
784	Richard Plumer, Newburyport, Mass.,	2 00
760	Female A. S. Society, Weymouth, Mass.,	4 00
774	H. & A. Parmenter, Newport, R. I.,	2 00
809	S. M. Miles, Boston,	8 00
702	Rev. J. F. Clarke, Boston.	8 00
702	Rev. Samuel J. May, Syracuse, N. Y.,	1 00
754	John C. Merritt, Farmingdale, L. I.,	4 00
780	Henry Willis, Jericho, L. I.,	2 00
782	Henry Titus, " "	0 12
758	John Randall, Spartansburgh, Ind.,	1 00
780	Miss De Peyster, Staten Island	2 00
781	J. Hemming, Toronto, C. W.,	3 00
704	Anna Alley, Lynn, Mass.,	8 00
789	Wm. R. Bliss, E. Calias, Vt.,	1 00
763	E. Ann Peet, Farmerville, N. Y.	2 00
788	John Begbie, Newark, N. J.,	2 00
800	Absalom Sumner, Dallas, Ohio,	2 80
692	Moses Tomlinson, " "	1 80
785	S. S. Seely, Rawson, N. Y.,	2 00
682	Warren Hooper, St. Charles, Ia.,	2 00
750	David Bull, Sugar Grove, Pa.,	2 00
780	Miss Mary Willard, Deerfield, Mass.,	2 00
760	Abel Varney, Portville, New York,	1 00
760	Wm. S. Coon, Ceres, "	1 00
760	Seymour Hamilton, Ceres, "	1 00
786	John King, Ceres,	2 00
728	Mathias Hutchinson, Kings Ferry, N. Y.,	2 00
786	Miss Minerva Abbott, Millport, Pa.,	2 00
722	Joseph Baker, North Cambridge,	2 00
785	John Gardiner, Dedham, Mass.,	2 00
781	Mrs. Susan Guild, " "	2 00
781	E. W. Simpson, " "	2 00
729	T. Sherwin, " "	2 00
781	Miss Sophia Guild, " "	2 00
781	Edmund Quincy, " "	2 00
729	J. D. Snell, " "	2 00
676	Eliza A. Rogers, North Billerica, Mass.,	2 00
742	Mary Springstead, Casenovia, N. Y.,	1 00
		$88 72

Donation.

John Begbie, Newark, New Jersey,	$1 00
Total,	$89 72

TWENTY-FIRST

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR,

To be held in Boston, Mass., during the Christmas Week of 1854.

The Managers of the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar beg leave to present their appeal for aid and sympathy once again to every lover of Freedom, whose eye this paper shall reach. We do it in the spirit of that hope which is power, pledging our own most earnest exertions in the Slave's behalf, and feeling therefore at liberty to implore the same at the hands and hearts of others.

The present is no time for faithlessness, or delay, or inaction. Its thronging events announce that the *Hour* draws nigh which is to decide, in this nation, the great conflict of Freedom with Slavery. To such an hour shall *Men* be wanting? Shall it find a people weak, timid, selfish, alive only to material success and enjoyment, or shall it be able to summon to its emergency the heroism, the self-sacrifice, the religious faith that bring in their very nature the assurance of success?

The cruelty, the baseness, the danger of Slavery is fast becoming apparent to the whole North. Her next lesson must be, that no human legislation can sanctify crime; that if, indeed, Slavery be a sin against God and an outrage on man, all laws for its support are part and parcel of the original atrocity, and are to be disobeyed at all hazards.

The most abominable crimes ever perpetrated against humanity have been committed in the name of and under the sanction of Law. The persecutions of the early Christians, the persecutions of all the seceders from the dominant church in centuries gone by, the Inquisition, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Witchcraft Delusion of New England, the recent imprisonment of the Madiai, are examples of the truth of what we say. The legal enactments of their day gave sanction to them all even as to the Fugitive Slave Law now.

For the authors of these deeds, shall it be more tolerable in the day of judgment that they trampled under foot the commandments of God, *legally*?

It is as *individuals* that people must learn their duty touching this matter. The impious and shallow folly which supposes that men as Commissioners, or Marshals, or Soldiers, or Attorneys, can aid in the execution of atrocious enactments without the same amount of guilt before God and man as if it were not "iniquity framed by law," must be met and exposed. When men give account to God for the deeds done in the body, this refuge of lies cannot stand. Let us sweep it away now by such earnest promulgation of light and truth on the duty of individual responsibility that no man shall say he sinned ignorantly.

The diffusion and support of those great principles of Justice that underlie the Universe is the work that now claims our labour. For our foundation principle, we assume *the right of a man to himself as against the world*, and we accept every consequence that legitimately flows from this doctrine.

It is in Boston, in the United States of America, in the nineteenth century, where the Declaration of Independence has been yearly read amid public solemnities and rejoicings for more than seventy years, that this language will be esteemed fanatical, perhaps treasonable. To stir to their inmost depths our own or other hearts, can we add a stronger motive than that presented by such a statement?

All disposed to co-operate with us are requested to communicate with the undersigned Committee.

Anne Warren Weston,	Anne Greene Phillips,
Mary May,	Louisa Loring,
Maria Weston Chapman,	Helen E. Garrison,
Sarah Shaw Russell,	Henrietta Sargent,
Mary Gray Chapman,	Eliza Lee Follen,
Susan C. Cabot,	Caroline F. Williams,
Frances Mary Robbins,	Lydia Parker,
Sarah H. Southwick,	Caroline Weston,
Sarah Blake Shaw,	Eliza J. Eddy,
Mary Willey,	Evelina A. S. Smith,
Sarah Russell May,	Ann Rebecca Bramhall,
Elizabeth Von Arnim,	Mary H. Jackson,
Elizabeth Gay,	Abby Francis,
Anna Shaw Greene.	

NINETEENTH

Annual Anti-Slavery Fair of Pennsylvania.

The Committee of Arrangements for the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair invite their coadjutors to commence, at a very early period, their preparations for the Bazaar of 1854. The great success which rewarded their labours, in this department of Anti-Slavery effort, last year, encourage to renewed exertion. The Committee are resolved to do all in their power to make the Fair of 1854 superior to that of any previous year. To accomplish this they rely upon the hearty co-operation of those who have, for many years past, aided them in these labours. They hope to enlist in the work, others, also, who have hitherto stood by, as unconcerned spectators of our enterprise, or have been content to bestow upon it their friendly wishes, excusing themselves from active participation in our efforts. We earnestly invite all who desire that American Slavery shall be abolished, to join us in this work. The present condition of our country forbids every true patriot to be inactive now. The efforts which are being made to extend the curse of Slavery over an immense portion of our free territory should be met by most energetic action on the part of the opponents of Slavery. The battle between Freedom and Slavery is daily thickening, and if it is to be won for Freedom, it must be by the ceaseless vigilance, the untiring energy, of the true friends of Liberty.

Our Annual Fair is an important instrumentality in our enterprise, because it furnishes money, the sinews of war. Nor thus alone; its direct moral influences on public sentiment have been, again and again, proved. Our former fellow-labourers will scarcely need suggestions from us, respecting the modes of working for the Fair. To others who have had less experience in the work, we would say, that almost any marketable commodity will find a sale in our Bazaar. Donations of manufactured articles, or materials for manufacture; of dry goods; of groceries; of the farm, the garden, or the dairy; of toys, books, pictures, stationary, &c., &c., will be very acceptable. They who have time to bestow, may use it, most profitably, in preparing various kinds of *nice needle*-work. This is much in requisition, and commands speedy sales.

To all who are in any degree interested in our cause, we say, that any donations of money, or the equivalents of money, which may be entrusted to us, will be profitably disposed of, and the proceeds devoted to the dissemination of Anti-Slavery doctrines and sentiments throughout this nation.

Sarah Pugh,	Margaretta Forten,
Anna M. Hopper,	Emma Parker,
Lucretia Mott,	Sarah L. Child,
Huldah Justice,	Anna M. Child,
Jennette Jackson,	Abby Kimber,
Mary Grew,	Martha Kimber,
Margaret Jones,	Rebecca S. Hart,
Gulielma M. Jones,	Elizabeth Gay,
Maria M. Davis,	Hannah Haydock,
Elizabeth M. Davis,	Evelina Supplee,
Emily W. Taylor,	Mary Shaw,
Sarah A. McKim,	Susan W. Shaw,
Clementine G. Ruby,	Elizabeth Carman,
Hannah L. Stickney,	Martha Carman,
Mary T. Stickney,	Mary A. Hall,
Elizabeth J. Lewis,	Lydia White,
Harriet D. Purvis,	Sarah M. Douglass,
Rebecca Plumly,	Hannah Steele,
Mary M. Jennings,	Anne Parker,
Mary Tesse,	E. Clendennon,
Mary A. W. Johnson,	Sarah Kenderdine,
Gertrude K. Burleigh,	Cynthia Collins,
Hester Reckless,	Martha A. Galvin,
Margaret Griscom,	Rosanna Thompson,
Olive Bacon,	Annie Shoemaker.

Just Published.

"AN ADDRESS delivered in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, Feb. 24, 1854, by William Lloyd Garrison." Price, 6 cents, single—60 cents per dozen—$1 00 for 25 copies. For sale at this Office.

Miscellaneous Department.

SCHAMYL, THE PROPHET WARRIOR OF THE CAUCASUS.

[From an article in the Westminster Review.]

[CONCLUDED.]

THE taking of Akhulgo was the crisis of Schamyl's fate. But an event which seemed utterly to annihilate his party, in reality served only to consolidate his power, and to render its foundation secure. The fifteen hundred slain in Akhulgo were the seeds of so many blood-feuds between the Russians and every tribe in the Caucasus—the pledges of an unquenchable personal hatred, on the part of the mountaineers to the Muscovites, for ever. The wanton brutality of the soldiers to the inhabitants, in their line of march, disgusted even those tribes who would have been willing to remain friendly; and all learned unmistakeably what they had to expect from Russian rule. On the other hand, the skill and courage shown by Schamyl and his followers in the defence, and the severe losses which they inflicted upon the invaders, appealed to the inmost sympathies of the gallant Caucasians; while the escape of the Imam, the details of which he carefully kept secret, appeared, for the third time, to be due to nothing but the miraculous interference of Allah. Schamyl himself finding that no courage could resist the "Czar's pistols," as his people called the field-pieces, learned to change his tactics, and henceforward to confine himself to the guerilla warfare for which the country seems made. His wonderful energy soon revived the spirit of his people, and early in 1840, all Tchetchenian was in revolt again—even those chiefs who had served in the Russian army sending back the decorations which they had won, and renouncing their allegiance to the Russian Padischah.

The storming of Akhulgo, in fact, is the last real advantage of which the Russians have to boast. Schamyl, henceforward avoiding fortifications in the European style, set up his headquarters at Dargo—an open aoul on the north-western flank of Andi, deep in the forests of Itchkeria. Here he organized a scheme of government, to which we shall advert presently, and which converted the whole of Lesghistan and the greater part of Tchetchenia into a vast military colony, and gave him the power of concentrating his forces upon a given point with the utmost ease. His system has been to avoid as much as possible coming into contact with the Russians in open ground; and, on the other hand, by the terrible and unexpected razzias to check any disposition on the part of the border tribes to submit to the foreign rule. If the Russians make an expedition against him, he never opposes their entrance into the passes—no sign of life is, for the first day or two, to be seen in the mountains; but as the gorges narrow and the ground becomes more difficult, dropping shots from invisible enemies pick off the Russian officers. By degrees the dropping shots increase into a hot fire, and clouds of wild Lesghians and Tchetchenians, agile and surefooted as goats, hover behind trees and stones; the Russian skirmishers, heavily loaded, and unused to climbing, have no chance with them, and are driven in. Then comes a charge. A small body of mountaineers, armed only with their schaskas, led by some white-turbaned Murid, dash madly against the solid wall of the advancing column. Nine tenths of them are, of course, soon pinned down by the bayonets of their adversaries; but not before their schaskas have been well reddened in Muscovite blood. Harassed and discouraged by such unscientific proceedings as these, the invaders reach their bivouac—but not to rest. The energies of the enemy appear to increase tenfold at night: he is ubiquitous, and on all sides piquets are driven in, and incessant alarms destroy the possibility of sleep.

Following this plan, Schamyl, in 1841, bitterly revenged on Grabbe the defeat of Akhulgo. The general, encouraged by his previous success, and wishing to justify his system of warfare to the Minister at War, Tschernicheff, who was about to visit the Caucasus, advanced with a large force through the forests of Itchkeria to attack Dargo itself. Schamyl allowed him to come within sight of the aoul, and then fell upon his troops with such fury, that Grabbe made good his retreat to Gersel-aoul, whence he started, with great difficulty, leaving 2,000 men and 36 officers to feed the wolves of the Caucasus. Prince Tschernicheff was at Gersel-aoul—where great preparations had been made to receive the victors—awaiting his arrival. Grabbe's recall took place in the following year; but Schamyl held his own with equal energy against his successor, General Neidhardt, in 1844.

In 1845, the last struggle between Schamyl and the Russians took place. The Czar, totally dissatisfied with the results of a war of twenty years, recalled Neidhardt, and nominated Count Woronzow, Governor of the Crimea, who had greatly distinguished himself in that capacity, to the post of Governor-General of the Caucasian provinces. The new Governor was invested with extraordinary powers—so great, indeed, that the Caucasians called him "the Russian half-king." Authority for life and death was given him over the inhabitants; he was empowered to remove or appoint officials up to the sixth grade, to bestow military rewards and distinctions without requiring the Emperor's confirmation, and to order the trial of officers of every grade.

Greatly, as it is said, against his own judgment, but in accordance with express orders from St. Petersburg, Woronzow undertook, in 1845, to achieve the object in which Grabbe had failed in 1842, and to avenge the losses then suffered by the Russian army. Assembling a force of 10,000 men, he started from Wnessapnaia, through the gorge of the Koissu, intending to march along the eastern flank of Andi, and keeping the communication in the rear open by means of a chain of posts in Gumbet and Ssolo-Tau, to cross Andi, descending upon the aoul Dargo on its western flank, and then returning through Itchkeria. He was allowed to take possession of the pass of Retschel, which separates Gumbet from Itchkeria, without any serious opposition, but as his vanguard moved into the dense beech-forests of Itchkeria, Schamyl's skirmishers were upon them. As the Russian officer quoted by Wagner says—"They did not burn much powder, but their aim was sure, and almost every shot hit its man." At intervals were barricades of felled trees, which had to be stormed with the bayonet, and the ground was altogether so difficult that the troops did not advance more than a mile an hour. Dargo was at length reached, but as the army approached, columns of smoke rose from its saklias: Schamyl had collected all the straw, wood, and corn he could find into the houses and set them in flames; and the bivouac fire of the Russian head-quarters was made of the still burning rafters of his residence.

Woronzow had indeed taken possession of Dargo, but that did not avail him much. Schamyl cannonaded his camp from a neighbouring height, and was only dislodged by a sharp attack at the point of the bayonet. In the meanwhile, the Russian provisions ran short, and Kluke von Klugenau was despatched, with a strong detachment, back over the pass of Retschel, for fresh stores. The cunning Schamyl opposed no great obstacle to the going of the column, but on its return with a large convoy, the onslaught of the mountaineers, urged by hatred of the Russians and love of plunder, was fearful. The Russian officer writes—

"Up to this time the mountaineers had usually confined themselves to keeping up a well-directed fire; but having been joined in the meanwhile by the rapacious tribes of Lesghistan and of Great Tchetchenia they now threw themselves on the unfortunate column with schaska and kinschal. Perhaps the revenge for blood mainly excited them, for they had suffered severe losses in the course of the previous days, and every fallen Caucasian has his avengers, who, according to old custom, dare not rest until the death of an enemy has atoned for that of their brother or friend; but it is probable that they were still more strongly actuated by a desire to acquire the stores and the animals which carried them. Officers who accompanied this unhappy column assure me that the enemy never before exhibited such fury and courage. They burst in dense masses through the skirmishers, and dashed upon the column. Schamyl—with his Murids who always form the strength of his army—led the attack in person. Two of our bravest generals, Winktoroff and Passek, died the death of heroes, not like General Fock, some days before, in a shower of bullets, but pierced by Caucasian swords; even they were forced into the general *melée*. Their corpses were left behind in the forest, though perhaps we may by and bye succeed in purchasing them from the enemy for honourable burial in a Russian fort. When General Kluke saw the impossibility of defending the convoy, he sacrificed a part of it, and a cannon was also left behind. The column was concentrated, in order better to oppose the enemy; but a part of the light troops fell into an ambush in executing this movement; for the enemy had taken prisoner a Russian trumpeter whom they forced to sound in the depths of the wood, so that many of the skirmishers followed the false direction. The column reached Dargo in a sad condition, having left 1,300 men in the woods. The enemy carried off many wagons and more than three hundred laden mules and horses."

Woronzow staid a week in Dargo, and then set out to return by the way along which Grabbe had advanced. Schamyl treated him as he had Kluke von Klugenau, and the army was reduced to so miserable a condition that the Count found it impossible to advance further, and halted in the aoul Schaugal. Here he would infallibly have ended his days, with all his half-starved army, but Russian gold won over two Tchetchenians to carry despatches to General Freitag in Gersel-aoul: and the latter advancing, at the head of 6,000 men, to Woronzow's assistance, extricated him from his dangerous position, and the column reached Gersel-aoul in a pitiable state, with a loss of 3,000 men.

The Russian accounts celebrate this "capture of Dargo," as a great victory, and Woronzow was made a Prince for his services; but one thing is certain, that in a personal interview with the Emperor, in the Crimea, towards the end of 1846, the Prince explained, in the strongest terms, the inexpediency of winning any more such victories, and endeavoured to obtain the Czar's sanction to a totally different plan of operations. Overruled, however, by the imperial commands, Woronzow was, in 1846, preparing a new expedition, when Schamyl performed an exploit more brilliant even than any which had distinguished his arms. With an army of more than 10,000 horse and foot, he burst into Kabardah, treating with utter contempt the line of fortresses of the Sundscha in his rear, stormed the Stanitza Uruch, laid waste the Russianized villages of the Kabardah, and forced multitudes of its inhabitants to join his standard. He then besieged for six days Naltschik, the chief fort of the centre of the army of the Caucasus, and though he did not reduce the place, the whole country round was ravaged and plundered. The Russians hastened to the defence of Naltschik; and Schamyl, finding his movements encumbered by his infantry, dispersed them in the forests, but with his fine cavalry carried fire and sword to the gates of Jekaterinograd. Laden with enormous booty, his host now turned their horse's heads homewards, crossed the Terek and Ssundcha, and were back in their forests before the astounded Russians had well made up their minds what to do. As may be imagined, no expedition was undertaken that year. Nor have the efforts of the Russians since extended to more than the re-establishment of communications interrupted from time to time by Schamyl's incursions.

It is very difficult to arrive at any clear idea of what has occurred in the Caucasus within the last five or six years; but it would appear that Schamyl again broke through the fortresses of the line and devasted Kabardah, both in 1848 and 1850; while M. Taillandier,* writing in 1853, states on the authority of an officer of the army of the Caucasus, that the Russians had just suffered a sanguinary defeat at the hands of Schamyl who had carried off considerable artillery stores, and reconquered eight leagues of territory; where is not stated. However, as our purpose is not a history of the war in the Caucasus, but the illustration of the character and influence of Schamyl, the incompleteness of our information is of no great importance. Enough had been said to show that to the most heroic courage and endurance he joins military abilities of the highest order.

But it is not alone on these grounds that the Prophet Warrior claims our admiration. Of a mob of scattered tribes, divided by innumerable feuds, he has made a nation capable of the most complete unity of action, and animated by one faith; and his genius as a lawgiver is as pre-eminent as his religious enthusiasm. With a strong hand he has swept away all the old boundaries of race and tribe, however consecrated by tradition, and has completely reorganised the country over which he rules. It is divided into twenty districts, each of which is governed by an officer termed a Naib, whose business it is to preserve order; to superintend the proper raising of taxes and recruits; to limit and control disputes and blood-feuds; and to see that the Scharyat is strictly fulfilled. Every five of these districts again, are under the superintendence of a Governor, uniting within himself the spiritual and temporal power, and answerable to Schamyl alone, who allows to certain of his favourites only, absolute power over life and death; while the others must refer to himself in such cases. Each Naib has a deputy or coadjutor. In every aoul there is a Cadi or Elder, whose duty it is to make regular reports to his Naib of all important occurrences, and to carry out the orders which he may receive from him, while the local Mollah has spiritual care of the aoul. Every man capable of bearing arms has right of access to his Cadi or Naib at a fixed time of the day, when audiences are held and business transacted. Rapid communication through all parts of the country is ensured by a sort of flying post. In each aoul several swift horses are kept saddled and bridled, and when a state messenger arrives, bearing a passport sealed by the Naib of the district, it is the business of the Cadi to furnish him instantly with a fresh horse and a guide to the next post. In this way Schamyl's messages and orders are transmitted with incredible swiftness.

The standing army of five or six thousand men is thus kept up; every ten houses of an aoul must maintain a warrior, one house providing the man, and the other nine his horse, accoutrements, and support. The family to which he belongs is, so long as he lives, free of all taxes, but he must never be without his arms, and must be ready, day and night, to march at a moment's notice. Furthermore, every male from fifteen to fifty, is liable to be called out for the defence of aoul, or, in extraordinary cases, to the general army; and in the latter case, each horseman of ten houses commands the men of those houses.

Schamyl's body guard is composed of a selection from the Murids, and its members are called Murtosigators. Only the hottest enthusiasts among the Murids, men of whose entire devotion Schamyl is well assured, are chosen for this post, which is considered among the Caucasians to be in the highest degree honourable. The prophet puts the most implicit confidence in those whom he has once selected, and they on the other hand renounce every tie, and place their lives in his hand. If unmarried, they must remain so; and if married, they must strictly avoid their families during their period of service. Like Schamyl himself they must live frugally, and carry out the Scharyat to the very letter. They wear peculiar insignia, and receive regular pay, with a share of all spoils; there are usually about one thousand of them, five hundred of whom always surround Schamyl's person—access to which is very difficult. In time of peace the Mustosigators are Schamyl's apostles, and considerable sums are placed at their disposal for the carrying out of their propaganda. At the same time they form a most efficient body of police, whose accusations might at once destroy the most powerful Naib. In war, they constitute the heart of Schamyl's troops and the terror of the Russians, who have never yet succeeded in taking one alive.

At first, Schamyl had no revenue but what was derived from his razzias; but, at present, all the tribes pay a yearly tithe, and if any slain warrior leaves no direct heir, his property goes to the state. Schamyl has also confiscated what might be called the church property of Lesghistan, consisting in the gifts of the pious to the mosques and shrines; the Mollahs receive in exchange regular pay, and the wandering dervishes, who live on these gifts, have been either incorporated with the army or driven away.

Schamyl's financial rule is ordinarily distinguished by extreme economy; and he is said to possess large concealed treasures—but if a valorous action is to be rewarded, or a hostile tribe won over, he will expend great sums. He has instituted a regular system of decorations, consisting of medals, epaulettes, and stars; while on the other hand, his criminal code contains a no less exactly proportioned series of punishments, from the rag tied round the right arm, which is the stigma affixed to the coward—to decapitation, shooting, and stabbing to death. A stern and even-handed justice characterises all Schamyl's judgments, and he would long since, like Hamsad Beg, have fallen a victim to the blood-feuds thus created against himself, were it not for the watchful devotion of the body guard, the Murtosigators, who constantly surround him in public. The Imam gave once in his own person a frightful earnest of his determination to know no distinction of persons among the violators of his laws. Early in his career, he made a solemn vow that he would put to death whoever, under any circumstances, proposed to him submission to the Giaour. The people of Tchetchenia were well acquainted with the Imam's oath; but in 1843, finding themselves threatened on all sides by the Russians, and at the same time left without aid by Schamyl, who was otherwise occupied, they in despair sent messengers to the latter, begging him either to help them, or allow them to submit. The office of the envoys was regarded as so hazardous, that their selection was made by the lot. It fell upon four men of the Aoul Gunoi, who accordingly set out upon their mission. Before reaching Dargo, Schamyl's residence, however, the prospect of success appeared so slight, and the consequences of failure so appalling, that they determined to "eke the lion's with the fox's skin," and without making any direct proposition to Schamyl himself, to endeavour to influence him through his aged mother, the Khaness, who was known to possess great influence over her son, and at the same time to be, like all the mountaineers, by no means insensible to money. A large bribe engaged the Khaness to undertake the dangerous task; and in a private interview she opened the matter to the Imam. What occurred between mother and son is unknown, but when the men of Gunoi anxiously inquired the result of the negotiation, the Khaness, pale and trembling, could only tell them that her son had determined to inquire of Allah concerning their request—and even as they spoke, it was proclaimed that the Imam had shut himself in the mosque, and had commanded that all the people should gather about it and remain fasting till he re-appeared. Three days and nights, it is said, did Schamyl remain invisible, the prostrate multitude without, rising higher and higher in fanatical exaltation, as their bodily frames became exhausted. On the fourth morning, Schamyl appeared on the flat roof of the mosque, surrounded by his Murids. All viewed with dismay his usually impassive countenance, distorted and changed by the trace of some past inward agony. After an interval of profound silence, he directed the nearest Murids to bring his mother into his presence, and when she had arrived, he thus addressed the people: "The will of the Prophet of Allah be done! People of Dargo, the Tchetchenes have dared to think of yielding to the Giaour, and have even ventured to send messengers, hoping my consent. The messengers, conscious of their sin, dared not appear before my face—but have tempted the weakness of my unhappy mother to be their mediator. For her sake, I have ventured, aided by your prayers, to ask the will of Mohammed, the Prophet of Allah; and that will is, that the first who spoke to me of this matter shall be punished with a hundred blows of the heavy whip. It was my mother!"

With these words, Schamyl signed to his Murids, who seized the venerable old Khaness, and bound her to one of the pillars of the mosque. At the fifth blow, she sank dead. Schamyl, with a wild outburst of grief, threw himself at her feet; but suddenly rising again, cried solemnly—"God is great, and Mahommed is his prophet! he hath heard my prayer, and I may take upon myself the remainder of my mother's expiation!" With that, stripping off his upper garments, he commanded the Murids to inflict the remaining ninety-five blows upon his own back. The punishment fulfilled, Schamyl gave orders that the envoys of the Tschetchenes, terror-stricken witnesses of the preceding scene, should be brought into his presence. The ready Murids half-drew their schaskas, but Schamyl raising the men of Gunoi from the ground on which they had cast themselves in an agony of fear, said, only in his calm, impassive way: "Go back to your people; and for my answer, tell them what you have seen to-day."

Schamyl is simple and abstemious in the extreme in his personal habits. Contenting himself with a few hours' sleep, he sometimes spends night after night in prayer and watching without showing the least symptoms of weariness. Not yet sixty, he is full of life and vigour; though at present he takes an active share in the war only rarely, and on great occasions. He lives in Dargo, where he has caused the enemy's deserters to build him a two-storied house in the Russian fashion, and is said to have three wives, the chief of whom is an Armenian of great beauty.

Once, or at most twice, in the year, the Imam retires to some remote cave, or shuts himself up in his most private apartments, and a strong cordon of watchful Murtosigators prevents any person whatever from having access to him. In this solitude he spends three weeks—fasting, praying, and reading the Koran. On the evening of the last day of his seclusion, the principal Mollahs and Murids, accompanied by a host of pilgrims, gathered in high expectation about the holy place, are summoned to meet him. He tells them that Mahommed has appeared to him in the form of a dove, revealing the mysteries of the faith, laying upon him such and such commands, and encouraging him to persevere in the holy war. Then showing himself to the throng without, he addresses them with the eloquence for which he is famed, rousing to the highest pitch their religious devotion and their hatred against the Muscovites. The whole assembly now joins in a solemn hymn. The men draw their schaskas, renew their oath to defend the faith and to destroy the Russians, and then disperse, shouting—"God is great! Mahommed is his first prophet, and Schamyl is his second!"

The total population of the Caucasus does not exceed a million and a half, and Schamyl's rule does not extend over more than 600,000 souls. The force under his command at any time, even taking the Russian accounts, have never surpassed 20,000 men.

In the last ten years the Russian army of the Caucasus has consisted of more than 150,000 men, provided with every appliance of modern warfare, flanked right and left by sea-coasts commanded by their own cruisers, and directed by a government utterly regardless of a human life. Fevers and Caucasian bullets are said to cost the Russians 20,000 men yearly; and when the Czar sends a political offender into the ranks of the recruits for the Caucasus, he does not expect to see him again. The Russian ordnance accounts for the year 1840, show an expenditure of 11,344 artillery cartridges, and 1,206,575 musket cartridges! There has, therefore, been no parsimony in the conduct of the war; but it must, nevertheless, be confessed that Prince Woronzow* is considerably further from the subjugation of the Caucasus than his predecessors, Jermoloff and Grabbe. The latter had allies, and even outposts, in Avaria; but since the "Conquest" of Dargo, in 1845, Woronzow has not dared to invade the highlands of Lesghistan, and even experiences considerable difficulty in preserving intact the line of communication through Kasi-Kumuck, between Cis- and Trans-Caucasia.

On the line of the Cuban, matters appear at present to be in the same state as at any time these thirty years. On the south face of the Western Caucasus, however, Woronzow had, apparently, up to the outbreak of the present war, prospered better, the Abhasians being tolerably quiet, and even acknowledging the nominal sovereignty of Russia, but their fidelity was only retained at the price of constant presents and conciliatory measures, one of which was the removal of the restrictions on the slave-trade. If, however, the intelligence in the *Times* of February 14th last, that almost all Abhasia had pronounced in Schamyl's favour, be correct, the sterling results of the prince's diplomacy would not seem to be great.

The people of the Caucasus are said to have a legend that some day a powerful Sultan will arise in the West, and finally deliver them from the hands of the Muscovite padischah; and it would, indeed, seem that the time has now arrived for the Western Powers, seriously to consider how far it may be both their duty and their interest to aid a nation, led by one who might worthily take his stand beside our own Cromwell, in its struggle for that freedom and independent nationality for which it has shown itself so well qualified.

Let us not, however be misunderstood to join in the vulgar cry against the aggressive propensities of a great nation, whether Russian or any other. The maintenance of the much-lauded "Balance of Power," an admirable aim so far as it acts as a check upon mere selfish aggrandizement, is only the negative side of international morality, and can no more constitute the foundation of national virtue, than the determination to abstain from evil can, as a principle of action, supply the place of the love of good in private morality. The aggression of a nation of higher social organization upon those of lower grade with which it may come into contact, whether by force of arms or otherwise, is not only an invariable and necessary fact, but one of the duties of nations, and one of the most essential conditions of human progress. That a nation has extended its frontiers from Prussia to China and from Norway to Persia, in itself seems to us no ground of reprobation. Nor can we object that Russia, brutal, enslaved, and corrupt as she is, when compared with the Western nations, should have extended her iron discipline over the wandering hordes of purposeless robbers and murderers who have roamed and pillaged at will over the Great Steppes. Order and organisation, however imperfect, are better than anarchy; and so long as the Muscovite Czars were employed in bringing Tartars and Calmucks under government, Europe could not cry God-speed! to the backwoodsmen of her civilisation; nor could she be so ungrateful as to look too closely into what ulterior dreams they may have entertained.

But it must not be forgotten, that that kind of influence which would make a Calmuck a better man might be pollution and degradation to Gaul or Anglo-Saxon; and twice within the last fifty years we have seen these rough pioneers, drunken with success and forgetful of their true mission, turning their axes against peoples of a nobler race, and having a higher organization than their own. Europe has stood by while the faith of Poland was supplanted by the groveling idolatry of the Greco-Russian church, and has beheld, unmoved, the constitutional liberties of Hungary trodden under the heels of the drilled *forcats* of Russia.

At this moment, the fate of the third *and last* great nationality which stands between Russia and her practical dominion over the whole of Eastern Europe and of Western Asia, depends on the Western Powers. Will they once more refuse to see the true bearings of the question? Will they check and balance and hesitate, each jealous of the other, or will they gird on their armour, exulting that so righteous an occasion is offered them of retrieving past errors, and relegating the black and double-faced eagle to the wastes where his claws may find exercise advantageous to humanity, instead of, as at at present, retarding its progress?

For once, political expediency and plain moral duty are agreed; and the late deeds of the Turkish army on the banks of the Danube do but confirm the moral of Schamyl's history, showing as it does what youthful vigour there is yet in Islam, and how much nobler is the nationality of the free Caucasian than that of the slavish Russ, at heart a savage, but knouted into order, chicaned into obedience, and whitewashed over with an outward semblance of civilisation.

It is not for us in this place to discuss what should be done for European Turkey; but a glance at the map is sufficient to show that, so far as the Caucasus is concerned, England must be utterly blind to her own interests if she fail to support Schamyl to the uttermost, or if she conclude a peace which shall leave the Russians in possession of Georgia. Whatever European power rules over Georgia, commands the whole commerce of Central Asia, and her influence must be predominant in Persia, and over the tribes north of Indus. The Russian government knows this right well; but there have been other and still more powerful motives for its annexation of the Georgian province. Its policy, says an able writer in the "British and Foreign Quarterly Review" (No. XIV., Oct. 1838):

". . Has a twofold object—the creation of a manufacturing industry which shall make her independent of other countries, and particularly England, and the establishment of her dominion in Asia, whence she expects, not unreasonably, to derive enormous advantages. She considers her Trans-Caucasian possessions, as is expressed in the project of her Minister of Finance which we have mentioned, as a colony which is to supply her with the raw material necessary for the manufactures, and at the same time open a profitable market for the produce of those manufactures. Some people may sneer at the idea of Russia's making a flourishing and profitable colony of her Trans-Caucasian possessions; but we suspect that, with such capabilities as these regions possess, a little assistance, or even the removal of the intolerable burdens which now grind down their natural energies, would produce the most brilliant results."

Again, by the treaty of Turkmanschai, the Russians became possessed of Echmiadzin, the Rome of the Armenians, and the Czar now nominates the Patriarch of that church, whose members are spread all over Persia, Turkey, and India. Their abilities and wealth very commonly render them persons of great influence, and Russia does not fail to make use of the means thus offered of extending her authority still further.

Georgia has never been able to defend herself against the Persians on the one hand, or the Russians on the other, and fifty years of Russian domination are not likely to have improved her capabilities of self-government. But there is no reason why, the Russians once driven out, the Western Powers should not raise the country between the Caucasus and the frontiers of Turkey into a Protectorate. Flanked by the Caucasus and allied with Schamyl, of whose co-operation they might be well assured—backed by a fleet in the Black Sea, and secure that the Porte would always leave the passage of the Dardanelles open to the ships of war and to the commerce of such a powerful ally against the Russians—the protectors of the Georgian provinces might not only feel safe against the Russian attacks, but the fitting out a fleet upon the western shores of the Caspian, to communicate with the eastern, and by throwing open their ports in the Black Sea to all nations, they might at a blow annihilate the influence of Russia in Persia, and divert the whole stream of her present commerce into those channels which brought their riches to the Emperors of Byzantium.*

* See his article, "La Guerre du Caucase," in the "Revue des deux Mondes," Nov. 1853.

* It is but fair to the Russian commanders, however, to notice the obstacle which is presented to their plans by the disgracefully corrupt practices of all Russian officials. It was on this ground that the Emperor Nicholas, during his visit to the Caucasus, in 1837, degraded with his own hands Prince Dadian, the son-in-law of General Rosen, the then commander-in-chief; and it is said that Prince Woronzow has degraded hundreds of officials for venal practices. Mr. Oliphant, in his interesting work, "The Russian Shores of the Black Sea," is in agreement with every traveller whose works we have read, in saying that—"In addition to the natural impediments presented by the configuration of the country, the absence of roads, and the rigour of the climate, all military operations are crippled by that same system of wholesale corruption so successfully carried on in the naval department; indeed, it would be most unfair if one service monopolised all the profits arising from this source. The accounts I received of the war in the Caucasus, from those who have been present, exceeded anything of the sort I could have conceived possible. The frightful mortality among the troops employed there amounts to nearly twenty thousand annually. Of these, far the greater part fall victims to disease and starvation, attributable to the rapacity of their commanding officers, who trade in the commisariat so extensively that they speedily acquire large fortunes. As they are subject to no control in their dealings with contractors for supplying their requirements, there is nothing to check the ardour of speculation; and the profits enjoyed by the colonel of a regiment are calculated at £3,000 to £4,000 a year besides his pay. It is scarcely possible to apprehend at a glance the full effect of a process so paralysing to the thews and sinews of war, or at once to realise the fact, that the Russian army, numerically so superior to that of any European power, and supplied from sources which appear inexhaustible, is really in a most inefficient condition, and scarcely worthy of the exaggerated estimate which the British public seems to have formed of its capabilities."—p. 262.

* Among the works whose titles we have prefixed to this article, those of Mortiz Wagner and of Bodenstedt, must be regarded as the most important, inasmuch as they are founded upon direct knowledge of the Caucasian country and people, and contain much information supplied to the travellers themselves by Russian eye-witnesses of the facts. Wagner's book is particularly interesting, as the author has already travelled in Algeria, and could compare the struggle of the French with the Kabyles, with that going on the Caucasus: and it contains, in addition, an exceedingly graphic picture of the Crimea, and of the Cossacks of the Line. Bodenstedt, on the other hand, has furnished us with the fullest picture of the Eastern Caucasians. The articles in the appendix to the Conversations Lexicon "Die Gegenwart," are also very good, and appear to be derived from original sources, which is a great deal more than we can say for the pamphlet fifth on our list, and just published. The admirable essay on "The Progress and Present Position of Russia in the East," has already been noticed with the praise which it deserves. Ivan Golovin's book, compiled from various sources, which he mentions, is the only one in English, from which even the most meagre account of Schamyl and his battles may be gathered. Written by a Russian exile, the style of the book is somewhat un-English, but readers unacquainted with German will find in it much valuable and interesting information. We are greatly indebted to Prof. Koch for his large and excellent map, without which we should have found it exceedingly difficult to understand the nature of Caucasian warfare.

OBITUARY—KOSSUTH'S SISTER.

MADAME MESZLENYI, one of the sisters of Kossuth, died about daylight this morning (June 29), at her residence, number 130 Ninth street, in this city, in the 34th year of her age. Her disease was consumption, the seeds of which were planted in her constitution in the winter of 1851, on that awful night when all the female members of Kossuth's family including herself, were arrested by Austrian *gensd'armes*, and dragged through the streets of Pesth to a place of confinement, previous to their expulsion from the kingdom. It was the winter that Kossuth was in the United States, and his course here was understood to have provoked the brutal outrage. The night was memorably cold. Madame Meszlenyi threw a fur cloak about her shoulders as she was leaving her home, which, with the rapid and fatiguing walk she was obliged to take, threw her into an active perspiration. In this condition she was shut up in a room without any fire, and exposed for three successive days to the severe winter's weather. Her situation was rendered more distressing by the draft which was constantly blowing upon her through a broken pane of glass in the window of her apartment. Of course she was soon chilled through, and for three days and nights remained nearly frozen. She was then sent to Brussels, where her mother died from the hardship which she had endured, and where, it will be remembered, the application by Kossuth to the authorities, to visit her was denied, except upon conditions which it was known he would not accept. In the course of time, and through the benevolence of friends, the surviving refugees reached the United States. Madame Meszlenyi and her sister, Madame Ruttkai, opened a store in this city for the sale of Brussels lace and embroidery, and Madame Zulavsky, another sister, opened a boarding house. But none of them were familiar with our language; they were unaccustomed to the details of any kind of business, and the manners of our people were strange to them. It is not surprising, therefore, that their struggles were but indifferently rewarded. Madame Meszlenyi was induced by her necessities and her love of independence to disregard the warnings of her physicians, and, in spite of the cough which she had brought with her to this country, she would sit up with her work late at night, and between fatigue and anxiety of mind she rapidly brought her disease to a crisis, the result of which it is our sad duty to chronicle to-day. The funeral will take place to-morrow afternoon at five o'clock, from her late residence, No. 130 Ninth st.

Madame Meszlenyi bore a striking resemblance to her illustrious brother, both in person and character. She had no wish to live, and was fully prepared to die. Death probably never approached a bedside armed with fewer terrors. She leaves two children, both daughters, one about eleven and one about fifteen years of age, to the care of her sister Ruttkai. This lady's husband is living in Austria, but he has been forbidden not only to come to her, but even to send her any means of support. She has been obliged, by her own exertions in the business to which she betook herself, to support her own family, consisting of herself and three children, and for the last year the family of her now deceased sister, whose sickness had unfitted her for any kind of toil.

Madame Zulavsky, who undertook a boarding-house in Fourteenth street, was obliged to abandon it, and is now conducting a similar establishment in some part of Ohio, with what success we are unable to state.

We mention these facts to show how thoroughly the iron despotism of Austria has done its work upon this unhappy family, and how bitter are the trials to which such patriotism as Kossuth's is exposed in the 19th century of the Christian era.

We cannot close this sad record without the expression of a hope that our countrywomen will take some interest in the fate of those orphan children who have this day been deprived of their first, their dearest, and their most necessary earthly friend. By a series of almost unparalleled misfortunes, they have been left with us destitute, and almost friendless. They are now the children of every mother in the land, and we hope they will experience from all as large a share of a mother's tenderness and care as the circumstances of the case may render practicable.—*Evening Post.*

REV. MR. BUCKINGHAM'S SERMON.

WE take the following extract from an eloquent discourse suggested by the kidnapping of Anthony Burns, in Boston, and delivered in the Unitarian Church at Troy, by Rev. EDGAR BUCKINGHAM, the worthy son of a worthy man, Hon. J. T. Buckingham, the columns of whose press, while he edited the *Boston Courier*, were never closed against the discussion of an unpopular cause; who laid his hopes of wealth on the altar of humanity and justice—a free press and a conscience void of offence; and who leaves to his children a name to be proudly cherished, and to the world, sons never wanting when good deeds are to be done. The zeal of the author of this discourse is of no recent growth. Wherever he has stood, the slave has always found a hearty friend. He has never allowed his personal tastes or preferences to separate him from those who, amid obloquy and reproach, have contended for unpopular justice and hated truth:

Secondly, I want to see, generally, a higher spirit of justice prevailing through the land. The interests that attend our public measures are so great that it is very natural that fear should mingle in largely with the feelings with which we view every change of public policy. The government under which we live has been so successful in achieving glory at home and abroad, that it stands up before many people as little less than a Divinity; its commandments are adored by them; its honours are sought as the highest blessings which human ambition can desire. Our personal interests, too, are often deeply interwoven with the measures the government may pursue, and often depend on the success, not only of the government and constitution, but on that of some party that for the time being may administer the government. It is not our *real* interest that we ever feel to be at stake; it is not our growth in moral principle, our inward peace, our hope of God's approbation, that we feel to be in danger; but all earthly interests we are accustomed to think depend on the passing or the repeal of this or that law, or its sure and final support by the community. We have been accustomed to look no higher than the national government. The stars upon our nation's flag are often thought more sublime than those which sparkle in the skies, and its stripes send a thrill of emotion to many hearts that God's marking of the rainbow, and all his promises, of which it is the emblem, never inspire. One of the great men of the country has laughed at any higher law than that of our constitution; he has ridiculed it as "an abstraction higher than the Alleghanies," he said, "higher than the eagle's flight," so high that none could reach or know it. And the spirit which he, in his melancholy ridicule, expressed has been infusing itself into all our hearts. And, as a nation, we forget God. We forget the eternal Justice by whose exact order the Alleghanies stand, the eagle lifts its flight, the rainbow spans the sky. We forget the eternal justice by which all the nations of the earth have in turn been brought to account for their doings, by which all their success, when founded on ambition and cruelty, has been obliterated, and the monuments of their glory have been overwhelmed in the dust; we forget that eternal justice by which all the unjust men of the past are successively brought up to the judgment of the world, and are condemned, and their memories execrated, though they lived long in their own day, and the world trembled before them, and flatterers treated them with loud applause. As a nation, as members of parties, as under the guidance of the ambitious, who look only to their own glory, as fearful ourselves of great evils, too often, my hearers, we look only to immediate safety, to immediate success. We ask only *what* is it that is expedient—expedient for the present moment, letting the future take care of itself—expedient for ourselves, without one thought of the injury we may inflict on others. Policy and politics are the great words. Would it not be well if this bad sense of the word politic could be forever banished, and we should only know the just? Do you not wish for parties who shall demand justice, according to the old saying, justice though the heavens fall? I want to see high moral principle carried into all public measures. I ask, on the one hand, for no union of Church and State; I care little, on the other, how much ministers may be ill-spoken of for remarking upon public proceedings; but I want to see justice prevailing through the land. I look for a race of strong God-fearing men in our public councils. I would that we could hear speeches from Congress, proclamations from the President, voices from editorial chairs, so firm, so just, that they should stir the blood like a trumpet's call; that they should rouse the consciences of men; that they should incite to manly deeds; so that we could *honour* our government, as being of a divine right, not according to the old understanding of the word, yet a representation of a divine authority, preventing wickedness, diffusing morality, a worthy object of the reverence of all hearts.

Thirdly, my hearers, I would say that, to carry out the principle of liberty, and justice, I want to see the feeling universal through the North—universal in our churches, in our houses, in our parlours, in our counting-rooms and workshops—that the so-called *slave* has as much right to his freedom, before God, as any other man, as the Commissioner upon the bench, as the President in his palace, as the Marshal with his sword; and that kidnapping *under* the law shall be esteemed as fearful an outrage, as enormous a crime, as kidnapping against the law. I feel that when a man walks the streets of the city, with upright form and eye that may look up at the skies, or sit down at the table in the house, to partake of the blessed liberty which God has provided, he does what God has given him permission to do. He walks with the power which God has given him; he sits under God's all-observing eye, which marks who it is that commands him to rise, to extend his arm for the fetters, and to be borne whithersoever he would not. That man who, on Friday last, was borne by an armed soldiery through the streets of Boston has as much right to sit with us, if he chose, in this worshipping congregation, to day, as any man here. There was no more right—there was no more justice—in bearing him away, this day, in all probability, to be weltering under bloody stripes in the darkness of a dreary prison, than there would have been to have borne me away to the same doom, or to have taken one of you away, your wife, your daughter, from the love and peace and the God given blessings of the domestic circle, to wear the fetter, feel the lash, to be denied the possession of a soul, and to be ranked with beasts. It was done according to law! Shall we not abhor the law? Shall we not demand the repeal of the law? I will not now say one word against those whose moral views are such, though I think them a dreadful mistake, who maintain that a law of the land, though a wicked law, should be carried into execution until, by constitutional action, it is to be repealed. I counsel no armed opposition to a law. I would rouse no excitement. I ask for calmness in the public mind. But it is not the highest virtue to talk of obedience to the law, to talk of the sacredness of law, when it is another and not us that are to be sacrificed to the law. I honour the martyr who is willing to bear penalties, to endure death, rather than excite a violent opposition to the powers that be, who trusts himself to God's eternal vindication of his cause, and looks to Heaven for his reward, but I cannot honour the sentiment that we should ourselves so respect the laws as to make a martyr of a third person, to compel another to endure Slavery for our sakes. One might, perhaps, see some show of virtue in a man who, rather than destroy his country, would himself voluntarily become a slave to work without pay, to give his wife to another, and his babes to be sold to an eternal separation from their mother and himself; one might see some show of virtue in a Judge who should say, to honour, to save my country, I will go and be your slave; but what virtue is it, in obedience to Law, to send the innocent and the unwilling to a prison worse than an inquisition, to a condition the worst that human nature can endure? How is the conduct of a marshal, a judge or a soldier that obeys this law of our country better than that of any of those who have obeyed the cruel commandments of Charles the First or James the Second, or any other power that, while wicked in the extreme, was yet thought at the time to be a power ordained of God? Bloody Mary was Queen, and, at the time, one of the powers that be, that are ordained of God, and found obedient tools; the High Priests were in authority—powers, for the time being, in like manner ordained of God—and soldiers and officers obeyed their commandments. To obey a law is virtuous when the law demands our suffering: to obey a law is wicked when it makes us tools to inflict unmerited sufferings on other people. Nor is it at all necessary, my hearers, that any man should ever help a slaveholder to reduce the man whom God's mercy has delivered from Slavery back again to the misery from which, by God's providence, he has been redeemed. If we are called upon as private men, we can all refuse, and bear the penalty the government may inflict, rather than pollute and degrade ourselves by crime. If we are soldiers, we may lay down our arms, and refuse to bear them in a wicked cause. On Friday last, the newspapers stated that the Captain of the Police, whose name is given as Joseph K. Hayes—a man in a humble station, unknown to us, but known to the God of truth and justice, resigned his office at noon, refusing to do duty in the slave matter. So should all have done. Why did not the Commissioner do the same? Why, when he was called upon to wrest from a man his liberty, did he not instantly take pen and paper, and send to Washington that he had resigned? God never gave him office to oppress his children with. Every word that he spoke, all his interpretation of law, all his pronouncing of the final sentence, was as voluntary on his part as would be his sailing for Africa, his landing there, his fighting free-born negroes, and with his own hand reducing them to Slavery. How came the Marshal to retain his place, when he was invoked, in the name of his country, to arrest a man whom God created free, and to pronounce him slave? Why need all those gaudy gentlemen to line the way to the vessel, when any one of them might, on his knees, before his God, have vowed never to take up his arms except in the cause of justice and mercy, and then have sent his resignation of his place to the authorities of the land. Did they forget this? Did they love office, epaulettes and pay, better than justice? Did they suppose that if the unjust laws of their country were not supported by their armed power, then the country itself would come to naught—that He who, but a few days since, removed in peace the dark orb from upon the face of the sun would blot out the sun forever—or that he could not, with equal power, save our country from the fears and darkness that are supposed to threaten it? Were this true, to prevent a rescue, to save a collision between the marines and the people, and to keep the peace? Peace is valuable: but a violent rescue is no worse than a violent kidnapping; and they gave their services to Slavery rather than to Liberty.

I cannot but suppose, my hearers, that there is some justification unknown to me, by which men seeming to be men, sometimes thought to be honourable men, can conceive that the violent return of a fugitive is a justifiable act. We do not all think so. It is part of my religion to think differently. It is part of my creed that all men are born free and equal, and have certain inalienable rights, which nothing but the hand of tyranny wrests from them. What do you think, my hearers, on this point? Is that a part of your religion? Will you, when the Southern kidnapper comes to this place and seizes our brother in these streets, will you sit as commissioners, will you act as marshals, will you hold arms as soldiers, to be the means of ranking the man again with brutes, to deny to him right in wife or child, to have him sold to rice-swamps, to the sugar-mills, to the tortures of a Legree beyond the bounds of law and civilization? Mothers, what is your religion? Are you bringing up your children to make them run by the side of the blood-hoods, and seize with the hand of violence while the latter seize with teeth? Are you, young maidens, so little interested in liberty—liberty, that dear possession, without which no purity of heart, no sweetness of affection can exist—are you so little interested in liberty that you cannot use your persuasive eloquence to diffuse its principle in the homes and circles you adorn and bless? Had we all no other creed, this should be ours, *that man is free*, and voluntary slaveholding is forever a crime.

But I will not, my hearers, protract such a discussion. The pulpit has its influence: the pulpit has its duties. I want to do my duties: I want to have an influence in behalf of the truth, in behalf of the doctrine of our Master, in behalf of the freedom of the whole family of man. I want freedom for every man, for that would be a blessing to all; and until that is given, our own freedom is deprived of more than half its comfort? I want justice done; for as long as the one is compelled by his fellow men to suffer for their good, not by his desire, but by theirs, we can expect no perfect blessing upon our country; we must expect the judgment that the violent and the criminal endure. Firm as an adamant should we set our faces against the demand of the South to return the fugitive. Warm as the blessed sun should be our welcome to his weary steps. Kind as the harvest should be our blessing to his need. Large as our homes should be the protection we afford him. Earnest, determined, everlasting, should be our opposition to the hunter of men, whatever name or claim he bears. Death ought we to endure before even we should admit that the hunter of men can rightly lay his hand upon our brother man. I hope to live to see the day when the North will be free—when the track of a negro's foot upon Northern soil will make him a free man and will make him safe. I hope to see the moral feelings of the North; I hope to see the conscience of the North; I hope to see the blessed sympathies of Northern men and women so aroused, so filled with life, that this consummation shall be speedily secured.

ETIQUETTE IN CHINA.—At a recent meeting, Sir John Bowring said, speaking of the customs of the Chinese: "Certainly in that country there is much to learn; and much no doubt, we see there to avoid; but much we discover there which may instruct. You perhaps know that there is no lady in China, who aspires to a high position in her country, who does not look upon it as a great accomplishment and a great pleasure not to be able to walk. I have seen beautiful women carried to the marriage ceremonies on the backs of their slaves, wholly unable to walk from one end of a room to the other. I remember once travelling with a great mandarin in China, who said to me, 'Is it true that in your country there are ladies with great feet, who know how to behave themselves?' I replied that I knew many. He said, 'It is curious indeed; we never got any of the sort in China.' Not long ago an English lady, a friend of mine, was introduced into high society in Canton, and the Chinese ladies, not having seen an English woman before, were very curious to look at her feet. They said, 'It is very strange; she has very good manners; what a wonder it is that such a savage as that should be able to behave herself in good society. Look at her feet! What could her father and mother be thinking of, to let her grow to this size, and to let her feet grow with her person?' One of the Chinese ladies observed, 'To be sure she knows how to behave herself: but you know she has been in our company for some time in Canton.' That is a trait of Chinese barbarism."

WONDERS OF CHEMISTRY.—The horseshoe nails dropped in the streets during the daily traffic re-appear in the form of swords and guns. The clippings of the travelling tinker are mixed with the parings of horses' hoofs from the smithy, or the cast-off woollen garments of the poorest inhabitants of a sister isle, and soon afterward, in the form of dyes of brightest blue, grace the dress of courtly dames. The main ingredient of the ink with which I now write was possibly once part of the broken hoop of an old beer barrel. The dregs of port wine, carefully rejected by the port wine drinker in decanting his favourite beverage, are taken by him in the morning in the form of seidlitz powders, to remove the effects of his debauch. The offal of the streets and the washings of coal gas re-appear, carefully preserved in the lady's smelling-bottle, or are used by her to flavour *blancmanges* for her friends.—*Lyon Playfair.*

HE is a slave to the greatest slave, who serves none but himself.